

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
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## THE SAD SEA WAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY AUGUST BELL.

Wearily, oh, wearily,  
But I looking out to sea,  
And the waves creep moaning to the shore,  
Telling all their plaintive story o'er,  
How they pined once more to be  
Little laughing brooks among the hills,  
Or, in meadows, violet bordered rills.

Oh, the evening gray swept down,  
While I heard speak from the sea,  
In the wild waves' wailing undertone,  
Something that my heart claimed for its own,  
For it somehow seemed to me,  
Our own life with its dull shade of pain  
Was the same sad story o'er again.

Pitiously, pitiously,  
Echoed up their woe to me,  
How the cold and crust-hearted Ocean  
Made them beat the sands in endless motion,  
And the hill-born billows writhed to be  
Hiding wrecks and bodies of the dead,  
While the stern stars judged them overhead.

Hopelessly, hopelessly,  
Looking on the dreary sea,  
Counted I wrecked dreams, dead loves, and  
more,  
Which my life all-hiding floweth o'er,  
While my whole soul pines to be  
In its holy childhood back again,  
Unaware of all Earth's sin and pain.

## SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"  
"EAST LYONS," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the  
year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the  
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### FARTHEAST OUT.

Rupert Trevlyn rang—and rang. But there came back no answering sign that the ring was heard. The door was not opened; the house, in its utter stillness, might have been taken for the house of the dead. A light shone in Mrs. Chattaway's dressing-room; and Rupert stood back, looking at it; but he could see no shadow falling on the blind. He took up some gravel, and gently threw it against the window. This dressing-room adjoined Mrs. Chattaway's own sitting room; both of them looked to the front of the house: the bed-room, occupied jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Chattaway, bore another aspect. The dressing-room was between the two rooms, a door from it opening into each. Mrs. Chattaway used it exclusively; Rupert therefore did not fear that the gravel would strike on the ears of Chattaway.

Even if Chattaway should be gone up stairs. But Rupert doubted it. If Chattaway had gone up, he had done it on purpose, in his petty spite against Rupert; for the usual hour for retiring at the Hold was eleven o'clock, though Mrs. Chattaway frequently went up earlier.

There came no response to the gravel: not so much as the form of a hand on the blind. Rupert stood back, and watched anxiously. He was growing cold; he was growing tired. His run from Trevlyn farm had put him into a perspiration—a little exertion would do that, in his weak bodily health—and now it was being succeeded by a



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

Our illustration shows a body of Polish patriots. It will be seen that they are mostly armed with scythes—a formidable weapon when wielded by a Pole. What the bow was to the Englishman,

and the claymore to the Highlander, the scythe is to the Pole. They are early trained to its most effective use as a weapon of destruction, and have attained to such dexterity that it is said

that, at one sweep, a dexterous scythesman can cut off a man's head. The Russian soldier holds this rapidly improvised bayonet and sword in great dread, and, we are informed, that the

Russian infantry in line seldom stand before a resolute charge of warriors thus equipped, and who hold their lives as nothing to the objects for which they fight.

shivering chill. Presently he took up another handful of gravel, and sent it against the window.

He had not to wait very long this time. Cautiously, slowly, as though the very movement feared being heard, the blind was drawn aside, and the face of Mrs. Chattaway, wet with streaming tears, appeared, looking down at him. He could see that she had not begun to undress. She shook her head; she raised her hands, and clasped them with a gesture of deprecating despair; and her lips formed themselves into the words, "I may not let you in."

He could not read the words; but he read the expression of the whole all too clearly—that Chattaway would not suffer him to be admitted. Mrs. Chattaway, dreading possibly that her husband might cast his eyes inside her dressing-room, quietly let fall the blind again, and removed her shadow from the window.

Now what was Rupert to do? Lie down on the level grass there that skirted the avenue, and take his night's rest under the trees, with the cold air freezing him, and the night dews wetting him? A strong frame, reveling in superfluous health, might risk that; but not Rupert Trevlyn.

He walked round the house, and tried its back entrance. It was quite fast. He knocked at it, but no answer came. He looked up at the windows; lights shone in one or two of the upper rooms; but there came no sign that anybody meant to let him in.

A momentary thought came over him that he would go back to Trevlyn farm, and crave a night's shelter there. He would have done it, but for the recollection of Mrs. Ryle's stern voice and sterner face when she remarked to him that, as he knew the rule made for his going in, he need not break it. Rupert had never got on too cordially with Mrs. Ryle. He remembered shivering from her haughty face when he was a little child; and somehow he shrank from it still. No; he would not knock them up at Trevlyn farm.

What must he do? Should he walk about until morning? Should he sit down on the upper step of the door-sill, inside the portico, and cower in the angle for the night? Suddenly a thought came to him—were the Canhams in bed? If not, he could get in there, and lie on their settle. The Canhams never went to bed very early. Ann Canham sat up to lock the great gate—it was

Chattaway's pleasure that it should not be done until after ten o'clock; and old Canham liked to sit up, smoking his pipe.

With a brisk step, now that he had decided on a course, Rupert walked down the avenue. At the first turning he ran against Mrs. Chattaway, who was coming leisurely up it.

"Oh, Mrs. Chattaway! I am so glad! You'll let me in. They have shut me out to-night."

"Let you in?" repeated Mrs. Chattaway. "I can't. Rupert's blue eyes opened in the starlight. 'Have you not your latch-key?'"

"What should hinder me?" responded Mrs. Chattaway. "I'm going in; but I can't let you go in."

"Why not?" hotly asked Rupert.

"I don't choose to fly in the face of the squire's orders. He has commanded you to be in before half-past ten, or not to come in at all. It has gone half-past ten long ago; is hard upon eleven."

"If you can go in after half-past ten, why can't I go in?" cried Rupert.

"It's not my affair," said Mrs. Chattaway. "Don't bother. Now look here, Rupert! It's of no use your following me to the door, for I shall not let you in."

"Yes you will, Mrs. C."

"I will not," responded Mrs. Chattaway, speaking emphatically, but with the same plausible sauciness that he had spoken throughout. Rupert's temper was getting up.

"Mrs. C, I'd not show myself such a bang-dog sneak as you, to be made King of England. If everybody had their rights, Trevlyn Hold would be mine, to shut you out of it if I pleased. But I'd not please. If but a dog were turned out of his kennel at night, I'd let him come into the Hold for shelter."

Cris put his latch-key in the lock. "I don't turn you out. You must battle that question with the squire. Keep off, Rupert. If he says you may be let in at eleven o'clock, all well and good; but I'm not going to encourage you in disobeying his orders."

He opened the door a few inches, wound himself in, and shut it in Rupert's face. He made a great noise in putting up the bar, which noise was not in the least necessary. Rupert had given him his true appellation—sneak. He was one: a false-hearted, plausible mannequin, cowardly sneak. As he stood at a marble table in the hall, and struck a match to light his candle, his puny face and his dull light eyes betrayed the most complaisant enjoyment.

He went up stairs smiling. He had to pass the angle of the corridor where his mother's rooms were situated. She glided silently out as he was going by. Her dress was off then, and she had apparently thrown a shawl over her shoulders to come out to him. It was an old-fashioned spun silk shawl, with a gray border, its middle white: not so white, however, as the face of Mrs. Chattaway.

"Cris," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, and speaking in the faintest, most timorous of whispers, "why did you not let him in?"

"I thought we had been ordered not to let him in," returned he of the deceitful nature. "I have been ordered. I know that."

"You might have done it just for once, Cris," his mother wailed. "I know not what will become of him, out of doors on this sharp night."

Cris disengaged his arm, and continued his way up to his room. He slept on the upper floor. Maude was standing at the door of her chamber when he passed—as Mrs. Chattaway had been.

"Cris—wait a minute," she said, for he was hastening by. "I want to speak a word to you. Have you seen Rupert?"

"Seen him and heard him too," boldly avowed Cris. "He wanted me to let him in."

"Which, of course, you would not do," answered Maude, bitterly. "I wonder if you ever performed a good-natured action in your life?"

"Can't remember," mockingly retorted Cris.

"Where is Rupert? What is he going to do?"

"You know where he is, as well as I do. I suppose you could hear him. As to what he's going to do, I didn't ask him. He's in a tree, perhaps, like the birds."

Maude retreated into her room and closed the door. She flung herself on a chair, and burst into a flood of passionate tears. Her heart ached for her brother with an aching that amounted to agony: she could have forced down her proud spirit and knelt to Mr. Chattaway to beg clemency for him: she could have almost sacrificed her own life if it might bring comfort to Rupert, whom she loved so well.

He—Rupert—had stamped off from the door when it was closed against him by Mrs. Chattaway: I fear he felt that he should have liked to stamp upon Cris. He walked slowly down the avenue: the ready feeling with which he had been previously hastening along had had a damper thrown upon it by Cris. In these moments of marked oppression, Rupert was apt to dwell too much upon original wrong inflicted on him by Chattaway, in turning him from the inheritance of Trevlyn Hold.

Now, then! I wonder whether the Canhams are up," he thought, as he came in view of the lodge, and halted to survey it. No lights were to be seen; but he fancied he saw a face at the upper window, peeping out above the short curtain. Ann slept in that room; her father in the room at the other side: and Rupert knew that she often undressed in the dark, by candle.

He softly whistled. He could not be sure whether that was a face, or the night shade on the window. It proved to be a face, however: Ann Canham's, in her night cap; and she replied to the whistle by opening the casement.

"That's never you, Master Rupert!" she exclaimed, using the salutation that came most natural to her—Master Rupert. Time went on, and boys grew into men; but the ideas of the inhabitants of the lodge did not seem to keep pace with time. Rupert Trevlyn there was Master Rupert still. "Hearing footsteps coming, I looked out to see whose they might be. Mr. Cris has just gone in."

"They have locked me out, Ann Canham. Can you manage to come down and open the door to me without disturbing your father? If you can, I'll lie on the settle for to-night."

"Dear! dear!" bewailed Ann Canham. "I'll come down, Master Rupert."

Once inside, there ensued a contest. In her humble way, begging pardon for the presumption, she proposed that Master Rupert should go up to her bed, and she'd make herself contented with the settle. It was but a flock, and very small, she said; but it would be rather better than the settle. Rupert would not. He threw himself on the hard, dark narrow bench that they called the settle, and protested that if Ann Canham said another word about giving up her bed, he'd go outside and stop the night in the avenue. So she was fain to go back to it.

A dreary night it was for him, that wearing bench; and the morning found him with a cold frame and stiffened limbs. He was stamping and hot on the floor, looking the creep out of it, when old Canham entered, leaning on a crutch. Ann had told him the news, and it got the old man up to see his life time.

"But who shut you out, Master Rupert?" asked the old man.

"Chattaway."

"Ann says that Mr. Cris went in pretty late last night. After she had locked the big gate."

"Cris came up while I was ringing to be let in. He went in himself, but would not let me enter."

"He's a reptile," said old Canham in his anger. "Eh, no?" he added, sitting down with difficulty in his arm-chair, and extending the crutch out before him, "what a mercy it would have been if poor Mr. Joe had lived! Chattaway would never have been stuck up in authority then. Better that the squire had left Trevlyn Hold to Miss Diana."

"They say he would not leave it to a woman."

"That's true, Master Rupert. And of his children there were but his daughter left. The two sons had gone. The heir Rupert first; he died abroad; and Mr. Joe, he went next."

"I say, Mark Canham, why did the heir, Rupert, go abroad?"

Old Canham shook his head.

"Ah, it was a bad business, Master Rupert. It's as well not to talk of it."

"But why did he go?" persisted Rupert.

"It was a bad business, I say. He, the heir, had fallen into wild ways, had got to like bad company, and that. He went out one night with some poachers—just for the fun of it. It wasn't on these lands. He meant no harm, but he was young and random, and he went out and put a game over his face as they did, just, I say, for the fun of it. Master Rupert, that night they killed a gamekeeper."

A shiver of dismay passed through Rupert's frame.

"He killed him do you mean?—my uncle Rupert Trevlyn?"

"No, it wasn't he that killed him—as was proved a long while afterwards. But you see at the time it wasn't known exactly who had done it; they were all in league, as may be said; all in the mess. Any way, the young heir, whether in his fear or his shame, perhaps both, went off in secret, and before many months had gone over, the bells here were tolling for him. He had died far away."

"But people never could have believed that he, a Trevlyn, killed a man?" said Rupert, indignantly.

Old Canham paused.

"You have heard of the Trevlyn temper, Master Rupert?"

"Who hasn't?" returned Rupert. "They say I have got a touch of it."

"Well, those that believe it laid it to that temper, you see. They thought the heir had been overtook by a fit of passion that wasn't to be governed, and might have done the mischief in it. In them attacks of passion a man is mad."

"Is he," abstractedly remarked Rupert, falling into a reverie. He had never before heard this episode in the history of the uncle whose name he bore—Rupert Trevlyn.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### NO BREAKFAST FOR RUPERT.

Old Canham stood at the door of his lodge, his bald head stretched out. He was gazing after one who was winding through the avenue, in the direction of Trevlyn Hold, one whom it was old Canham's delight to patronize and make much of in his humble way; whom he encouraged in all sorts of vain and delusive notions—Rupert Trevlyn. Could Mr. Chattaway have divined that bitter treason was taken against himself nearly every time Rupert dropped into the lodge, he might have tried hard to turn old Canham out of it. Harmless treason, however; consisting of rebellious words only. There was neither plotting nor hatching; old Canham and Rupert never glanced at that; both were perfectly aware that Chattaway held his place by a sure tenure, which could not be shaken.

Many years ago, before Squire Trevlyn died, Mark Canham had grown ill in his service. In his direct service he had caught the violent cold which ended in an incurable rheumatic affection. The squire settled him in the lodge, then just vacant, and allowed him five shillings a week. When the squire died, Chattaway would have undone this. He wished to turn the old man out again; but it must be observed in a parenthesis that though universally styled Old Canham,

The man was less old in years than in appearance, and to place some one else in the lodge. I think, when there is no love lost between people, as the saying runs, each side is conscious of it. Chataway disliked Mark Canham, and he had a shrewd suspicion that Mark returned the feeling with interest. But he found that he could not dismiss him from the lodge, for Miss Trevlyn put her veto upon it. She openly declared that Squire Trevlyn's not placing his old servant there, should be revered, she promised Mark that he should not be turned out of it so long as he lived. Chataway had no resources but to how to it; he might not cross Diana Trevlyn; but he did succeed in reducing the weekly allowance by just half. Half-a-crown per week was all the certain money enjoyed by the lodge since the time of Squire Trevlyn. Miss Diana sometimes gave a trifle from her private purse; and the gardener was allowed to make an occasional present of vegetables that were in danger of spoiling; at the beginning of winter, too, a load of wood would be stacked in the shed behind the lodge, through the kind forethought of Miss Diana. But it was not much altogether to keep two people's upon; and Ann Canham was glad to accept of a day's hard work offered her at any of the neighboring houses, or to do a little plain sewing at home. Very fine sewing she could not do, for she suffered from her eyes; which were generally more or less inflamed.

Old Canham watched Rupert until the turnings of the avenue hid him from view, and then drew back into the room. Ann was busy with the breakfast. A loaf of oven bread was on the table, and a basin of skim milk, which she had just made hot, was placed before her father. A smaller cup of it served for her own share; and that constituted their breakfast. Three mornings a week Ann Canham had the privilege of fetching a quart of skim milk from the dairy at the hold. Chataway growled at the extravagance of the gift, but he did no more, for it was Miss Diana's pleasure that it should be supplied.

"Chataway! If he goes a bit too far, if he don't mind," observed Old Canham to his daughter, in relation to Rupert. "He must be of a bad nature, to look him out of his own house. For the matter of that, however, he is of a bad one; and his kindred he is."

"It is got his own father," Ann Canham ventured to say in dissent. "Poor Master Rupert haven't got no right to it now."

"It's a shame but what he had. Why! Chataway has got no more moral right to that there fine estate than I have! Added the old man, holding out his left arm straight in the heat of argument, the arm that was not helpless. "If Master Rupert and Miss Maude were dead—if Joe Trevlyn had never left a child at all—there's others would have a right to it before Chataway."

"But Chataway has got it, father, and nobody can't alter it, or hinder his having it," sensibly returned Ann Canham. "You'll have your milk cold."

The breakfast hour at Trevlyn Hold was early, and when Rupert entered, he found most of the family down stairs. You will readily have understood that this was the morning following Rupert's locking out by Mr. Chataway. He, Rupert, ran up stairs to his bedroom, where he washed, and refreshed himself as much as was possible after his hard night. He was one upon whom only a night's lack of bed would seriously tell. When he descended to the breakfast room, they were all assembled except Cris and Mrs. Chataway. Cris was given to lying in bed in a morning, and the self-indulgence was winked at. Mrs. Chataway also was apt to be behind-hand, coming down generally when the breakfast was nearly over.

Rupert took his place at the breakfast-table. Mr. Chataway, who was at that moment raising his coffee cup to his lips, put it down and stared at him. As he might have stared had some stranger from the outside intruded and sat down among them.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Chataway.

"Want?" repeated Rupert, not understanding. "Only my breakfast."

"Which you will not get here," calmly and coldly returned Mr. Chataway. "If you cannot come home to sleep at night, you shall not get your breakfast here in the morning."

"I did come home," said Rupert. "But I was not let in."

"Of course you were not. The household had retired."

"Cris came home after I did, and was allowed to enter," objected Rupert again.

"That is no business of yours," said Mr. Chataway. "All you have to do is to obey the rules I lay down. And I will have them obeyed," he added, more sternly.

Rupert sat on, unoccupied. Octave, who was presiding at the breakfast table, did not give him any coffee; nobody attempted to hand him anything to eat. Maude was seated opposite to him; he could see that the unpleasantness was agitating her painfully; that her color went and came; that she toyed with her breakfast, but could not swallow it; least of all, dared she interfere to give even so much as a bit of dry bread to her ill-fated brother.

"Where did you sleep last night, pray?" inquired Mr. Chataway, pausing in the midst of helping himself to some pigeon-pie, as he looked at Rupert to put the question.

"Outside," briefly and roughly answered Rupert. The unpleasantness seemed to be

changing the very nature. It had continued long and long; it had been shown in many and various forms.

The master of Trevlyn Hold finished helping himself to the pie, and began eating it with great apparent relish. He was about half-way through the plateful when he again stopped to address Rupert, who was sitting in silence, nothing but the table cloth before him.

"You need not wait. If you stop there until mid-day, you'll get no breakfast. Gentlemen who sleep 'outside' do not break their fast in my house."

Rupert pushed back his chair, and rose. Happening to glance across at Maude, he saw that her tears were dropping silently. Oh, it was an unhappy home for them both! Rupert crossed the hall to the door; he thought he might as well depart at once for Blackstone. Fine as the morning was, the air, as he passed out, struck him with a chill, and he turned back to get an overcoat. Sitting up does not impart a sense of additional warmth to the frame.

It was in his bedroom. As he came down with it on his arm, Mrs. Chataway was crossing the corridor to descend. She drew him inside her sitting-room.

"I could not sleep," she murmured; "I was awake nearly all night, grieving and thinking of you. Just before daylight I dropped into a sleep, and then I dreamt that you were running up to the door from the rising waves of the sea—which were rushing onwards to overtake you. I thought you were knocking at the door, and we could not get down to it in time, and the waters came on and on. Rupert, darling, all this is telling upon me. Why did you not come in?"

"I meant to be in, Aunt Edith; indeed I did; but I was playing at chess with George Ryle, and did not notice the time. It was but just turned half-past when I got here; Mr. Chataway might have let me in without any great stretch of indulgence," he added, his tone one of bitterness. "So might Cris."

"What did you do?" she asked.

"I got in at old Canham's, and lay on their settle. Don't repeat this, or it may get the Canhams into trouble."

"Have you had breakfast yet?"

"I am not to have any."

"The words startled her. "Rupert?"

"Mr. Chataway ordered me from the table. The next thing, I expect, he will be ordering me from the house. If I knew where to go, I'd not stop in it another day. I would not, Aunt Edith."

"Have you had nothing—nothing?"

"Nothing. I'd go round to the dairy and get a draught of milk, but that I expect I should be told upon. I'm off to Blackstone now. Good-bye."

The tears were filling her eyes as she lifted them in their sad yearning. He stooped and kissed her.

"Don't grieve, Aunt Edith. You can't make it better for me. I have got the cramp like anything," he carelessly observed as he went off. "It is through lying in the cold on that hard settle."

"Rupert! Rupert!"

He turned back, half in alarm. The tone was one of painful, wild entreaty.

"You will come home to-night, Rupert?"

"Yes, depend upon me."

She remained a few minutes longer, to watch him down the avenue. He had put on his coat then, and went along with slow and hesitating steps; they did not seem like the firm, careless steps of a hearty fellow, springing from a happy heart. Mrs. Chataway pressed her hands upon her brow, lost in a painful vision. If his father, her once dearly-beloved brother Joe, could be looking on at the injustice done on earth, what would he think of the portion of it meted out to Rupert?

She descended to the breakfast room. Mr. Chataway had finished his breakfast and was rising. She kissed her children one by one; she sat down patiently and silently, smiling with outward cheerfulness. Octave passed her a cup of coffee, which was cold; and they asked her what she would take to eat. But she said she was not hungry that morning, and would eat nothing.

Rupert's gone away without his breakfast, mamma," cried Emily. "Papa would not let him have it. Serve him right! He stayed out all night."

Mrs. Chataway stole a glance at Maude. She was sitting pale and quiet, her bread-and-butter uncut before her; her air that of one who has to bear some long, wearing pain.

"If you have finished your breakfast, Maude, you can be getting ready to take the children for their walk," said Octave, speaking with her usual assumption of authority—an assumption which Maude, at least, might not dispute.

Mr. Chataway left the room, and ordered his horse to be got ready. He was going to ride over his land for an hour before proceeding to Blackstone. While the animal was being saddled, he rejoined his eyes with his rich stores: the corn heaped in his barns, the fine ricks of hay in his rich-yard. All very satisfactory, very excellent to the covetous mind of the master of Trevlyn Hold.

He went out, riding rather and thither. Half an hour afterwards, when in the lane, spoken of previously, which skirted Mrs. Ryle's lands on the one side and his on the other, he saw another horseman before him. It was George Ryle. Mr. Chataway touch-

ed his horse with the spur, and rode up to him at a hand gallop. George turned his head, saw it was Mr. Chataway, and continued his way. That gentleman had been better pleased that George had stopped.

"Are you hastening on to avoid me, Mr. Ryle?" he called out, in his sullen temper. "You might have seen that I wished to speak to you, by the pace to which I urged my horse."

George reined in, and turned to face Mr. Chataway.

"I saw nothing of the sort," he answered. "Had I known that you wanted me, I should have stopped; but it is no unusual circumstance for me to see you riding fast about your land."

"Well, what I have to say is this: that I'd recommend you not to get Rupert Trevlyn to your house at night, and to keep him there to unreasonable hours."

George paused.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Chataway."

"Don't you?" retorted that gentleman. "I'm not talking Dutch. Rupert Trevlyn has taken to frequent your house of late: it's not altogether good for him."

"Do you fear that he will get any harm in it?" quietly asked George.

"I think it would be better for him that he should stay away. Is the Hold not sufficient for him to spend his evenings in, but he must seek amusement elsewhere? I shall be obliged to you not to encourage his visits."

Mr. Chataway, said George, his face full of candor, as he turned it earnestly to that gentleman's, "It appears to me that you are laboring under some mistake, or you would certainly not speak to me as you are now doing. I do not encourage Rupert to my mother's house, in one sense of the word; I never press for his visits. When he does come, I show myself happy to see him and make him welcome—as I should do by any other visitor. Common courtesy demands this of me."

"You do press for his visits," said Mr. Chataway.

"I do not," firmly repeated George. "Shall I tell you why I do not? I have no wish but to be open in the matter. An impression has seated itself in my mind that his visits to our house displease you, and therefore I have not encouraged them."

Perhaps Mr. Chataway was rather taken aback at this answer. At any rate, he made no reply to it.

"But to receive him courteously when he does come, I cannot help doing," continued George. "I shall do it still, Mr. Chataway. If Trevlyn Farm is to be a forbidden house to Rupert, it is not from our side that the interdiction shall come. So long as Rupert pays us these visits of friendship—and what harm you can think they do him, or why he should not pay them, I am unable to conceive—so long he will be met with a welcome."

"Do you say this to oppose me?"

"Far from it. If you will look at the case in an unprejudiced light, you may perhaps see that I speak in accordance with the common usages of civility. To shut the doors of our house on Rupert when there exists no reason why they should be shut—and most certainly he has given us none—would be a breach of good feeling and good manners that we might blush to be guilty of."

"You have been opposing me all the later years of your life, George Ryle. From that past time when I wished to place you with Wall and Barnes, you have done nothing but act in opposition to me."

"I have forgotten that," said George, pointedly, a glow rising to his face at the recollection. "As to any other opposition, I am unconscious of it. You have given me advice occasionally respecting the farm; but the advice has not in general tallied with my own opinion, and therefore I have not taken it. If you call that opposing you, Mr. Chataway, I cannot help it."

"I see you have been mending that fence in the three-cornered paddock," remarked Mr. Chataway, passing to another subject, and speaking in a different tone. Possibly, he had had enough of the last.

"Yes," said George. "You would not mend it, and therefore I have had it done. I cannot let my cattle get into the pound. I shall deduct the expense from the rent."

"You'll not," said Mr. Chataway. "I won't be at the cost of a penny piece of it."

"Oh, yes, you will," returned George, equably. "The damage was done by your team, through your wagoner's carelessness, and the cost of making it good lies with you. Have you anything more to say to me?" he asked, after a pause. "I am very busy this morning."

"Only this," replied Mr. Chataway, in a significant tone. "That the more you encourage Rupert Trevlyn, by making him a companion, the worse it will be for him."

George lifted his hat in farewell salutation: he could but be a gentleman, even to Chataway. The master of Trevlyn Hold replied by an ungracious nod, and turned his horse back down the lane. As George rode on, he met Edith and Emily Chataway—the children, as Octave had styled them—coming towards him at full speed. They had seen their father, and were hastening after him. Maude came up more leisurely. George stopped to shake hands with her.

"You are looking pale and ill, Maude," he said, his low voice full of sympathy, his hand retreating hers. "Is it about Rupert?"

"Yes," she replied, striving to keep down

her tears. "He was not allowed to come in last night. He has been sent away without breakfast this morning."

"I know all about it," said George. "I met Rupert just after he left the Hold, and he told me. I asked him if he would go to Nora for some breakfast—I could not do less, you know," added George, musingly, as if debating the question with himself. "But he declined. I am almost glad he did."

Maude was surprised.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I have a notion in my mind—I have felt it for some time—that any attention shown to Rupert, no matter by whom, only makes his position worse with Chataway. And Chataway has now confirmed it. Maude, by telling me as much."

Maude's eyelids drooped over her eyes; she was trying to hide the gathering tears.

"Oh, how sad it is!" she exclaimed with emotion, "and for one in his week state! If he were but strong as the rest of us are, it would be of less vital import. I fear—I do fear that he must have slept under the trees in the avenue," she continued, lifting her eyes now in her distress, and forgetting what was in them. "Mr. Chataway inquired where he had passed the night, and Rupert answered—"

"I can relieve your fears so far, Maude," interrupted George, glancing round, as if to make doubly sure that no undesirable ears were near. "He was at old Canham's."

Maude heaved a deep sigh in her relief.

"You are sure, George?"

"Yes, yes. Rupert told me so just now. He said how hard he found the settle. Mrs. Chataway knows where he was."

"How can she know it?" exclaimed Maude. "She did not see him. Unless—unless Rupert saw her privately, and told her."

"That must have been it. He would not speak of it openly, you know, for fear of getting old Canham into Chataway's bad books. Here come your charges back, Maude, so I will say good-bye."

She suffered her hand to linger in his, but her heart was too full to speak. George bent lower.

"Do not make the grief heavier than you can bear, Maude. It is grief—real grief; but happier times may be in store for Rupert—and for you."

He released her hand, and cantered down the lane; and the two girls came up, telling Maude that they should go home now, for they had walked long enough. And Maude might not attempt to oppose her will to that of her pupils.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Countship is a ship that goes at the rate of so many lovers' knots an hour, and the faster it goes the sooner it reaches its destination, which is, of course, the United States, where a blessed union free from all discord and the prospect of future quarrelling or separation, awaits the happy couple!

ELOQUENCE.—We like fine writing when it is properly applied; so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in a contemporary:—"As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courier bounds in her rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed—so does a little negro run when a big dog is after him."

Those marriages generally prove the happiest when the affections of the young are blessed by the approbation of the wisdom of those older. The young alone are too blind for prudence, and the parents alone would be too cautious to be sufficiently trusting at times to favoring Providence and the unknown future. But where reasonable parents and reasonable young folks act with full confidence in each other's love, and confide in each other fully and frankly, there it is that future happiness is naturally to be expected.

LOVE AFFAIRS.—A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to a love affair—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

The gallant Poles are using wooden guns in their battles with the Russians. Solid logs of wood are bored and made into guns, which do execution for half a dozen shots. It is not perhaps surprising that Poles should take to the woods for their artillery.

EPHONEMATIC EPIGRAM.—  
"Tus corpe  
Is Tommy Thorpe's. (First idea.)"

Revised edition—  
"Thorpe's  
Corpe."

The people of Cape May county, (N. J.) have been somewhat excited over a report of the discovery of Captain Kidd's treasure on the beach, arising from the finding of a trunk containing some small coins, washed ashore from a wreck. Poor Kidd! what a ubiquitous personage he must have been, and what a quantity of treasure he must have possessed, to bury it all over the world in this manner.

A personal friend asked the President the other day if he legally expected to end the war during his Administration. "Can't say—can't say, sir," was the response. The querist then said, "But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir—peg away—keep pegging away."

A vow that you will not do this or that, shows conscious weakness and makes you ride behind yourself.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

## JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broads of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

## TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

## POLAND.

If the late advices from Europe we see that the Polish revolution has not gone out like a candle with the defeat of the Dictator of the insurrectionary government, but that it still continues to burn, breaking out every now and then in new districts of the country.

We give this week an engraving of a party of Polish insurgents, armed with what almost may be styled their national weapon, the scythe; and also the first sketch of a series illustrative of the romantic history of that chivalric, oppressed, but often very unwise people.

It is a remark of Mr. Mason Jones, in his lecture on Garibaldi, and it is not the first time that such a remark has been made by those whose sympathy with the cause of freedom and liberal institutions is undoubted, that as a general thing, every people have as good a government as they deserve and are capable of maintaining. Neither Poland nor Italy need ever have been oppressed, had they been true to the dictates of justice and to themselves. But when great peoples forget in their selfishness or their folly the important principle of nationality, and allow themselves to value their particular Province, their particular class, or their particular family more than they value their name and fame as a nation, then the hour of their political servitude and degradation draws near.

The secret of the oppression of Greece, Italy and Poland lies simply in this provincial, class, and family selfishness. In Greece and Italy the people cared more for Sparta and Athens, and Rome and Naples, than they did for Italy and Greece. In Poland the nobles cared more for their aristocratic privileges than they did for their country. The result was that their powerful neighbors saw them divided in interest and feeling, and by playing off one province and party against another, soon brought them all into subjection, and political clanship and class selfishness met with its just reward. Had these countries remained united, they might have defied the march of the conqueror.

Italy and Poland are well aware now of this truth, and all their efforts for freedom are based upon the union alike of the provinces and of classes. For many years, it is said, a great insurrectionary secret league has existed in Poland. The present troubles of Russia relative to her nobles and serfs, is probably considered by the heads of this secret league, Poland's opportunity. But a Russian conscription, which seemed designed to deprive Poland of the flower of her youth, was the immediate cause of the outbreak. This conscription is said to have been levelled, not against the peasantry, but against the young men of station and education, who were presumed to entertain ideas inimical to the interests of Russia. It was intended to be a crushing blow to that natural mental insubordination which tyrants in all ages have, with good reason, dreaded as their irreconcilable and inevitable foe. In fact, its entire aim was the wholesale deportation of the prime of the youth of Poland to the dreary steppes of Southern Russia and the desolated ranges of the Caucasus.

What the result of the contest will be, seems to be yet uncertain, though the chances evidently are against the revolutionists. We trust that if no other result is ob-

taind, this outbreak will prove to the rulers of Russia the necessity of concurring to the policy that measure of constitutional liberty to which it is said Russia is pledged by her treaties with the other nations of Europe.

## CHURCH'S NIAGARA.

It is a rule which has few exceptions that the first emotion of a visitor to Niagara, to the real Falls, is more or less mingled with disappointment. The temporary phase presented by a first view is seldom sufficient to fill the exalted idea which we have formed of it. It is not until we grow into the knowledge of the great Cataract, become familiar with the distant view of its mighty and massive sheet, the close neighborhood of its rush and roar, the perturbation calm of the first downward sweep, the wild frenzy of the last shattering plunge, that we gather into one idea its many features of sublimity and beauty, and see and feel Niagara as it is.

This character of infinite change and conflicting variety of expressions would seem to present an insuperable bar to the possibility of representing by a picture anything more than a single phase of Niagara, no matter how great may be the genius of the painter or how faithful his treatment. In this belief we are still more confirmed after long and rapid study of Church's exquisite painting. It is beauty that predominates here, and a softness and sublimity are almost lost in loveliness; such grace is in the curving, gushing masses of foam, such perfection of coloring in the pearly rainbowed tints that melt into each other in shimmering transparency. The masses of vaporous foam that veil the final plunge seem to eddy and drive about before us with a positive motion, but the appearance of downward velocity in the sheet of waters is not so forcibly given, except in the extreme left of the fall, where the lines carry the eye swiftly and irresistibly in their descent. The distant view of the green expanse of the Horseshoe Fall suggests effectively its vast extent.

All who should embrace the opportunity of visiting Mr. Hazard's rooms while this "thing of beauty" remains to gladden their eyes.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY. Translated from the German by FREDERICK ROWE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

This volume consists of selections from the German work "Stunden der Andacht," generally ascribed to Zechendorf, which was a constant favorite with the late Prince Consort of England. The present selection was made by Queen Victoria after her husband's death, and Miss Rowe employed by her to translate the essays. The tenor of the "Meditations" is tender and plaintive and deeply devotional. No novel and startling thoughts are presented in them, but we can believe them, in the touching words of the Queen's preface, to have "proved, to one in deep and overwhelming sorrow, a source of comfort and edification." To many readers they will, however, owe their chief interest in their association with the memory of the late Prince, and with the royal mourner whose black-robed figure in the midst of England's late festivities was almost more interesting than that of gallant bridegroom or lovely bride.

MADEIR: or Night and Morning, by H. L. G. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ARITHMETIC.—"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" I asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, division, abomination, justification, haberdashery, damnation, amputation, creation and adoption." He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Line Railroad."

SUFFICIENTLY COOKED.—A gentleman at table remarked that he could not endure fish, unless it was well cooked. "This," said the waiter (as he handed him a plate of the desired dish), is, I hope, sufficiently cooked to suit, sir?" "Well, yes," replied the gentleman, as he tasted it, "it's done a good deal better than I anticipated it would be."

INCORRUPTIBLE.—"Sedley," said Charles II., "look me out a man who cannot be corrupted. I have sent three treasures to the North, and they have all turned thieves." "Well, your majesty, I recommend Mivert." "Mivert, you dog!" said Charles. "Why, Mivert is a thief already!" "Therefore he cannot be corrupted, your majesty," said Sedley.

INDOMITABLE.—A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees, you may wave over her head the very flag of victory, but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten.

One of our art students thinks that Nicholas Poussin, the Frenchman, was a very pure fiction of painters. Cut opportunities that is to say.

According to the French, a stress can never eat a mouthful without being reminded of her labor—every bit being more-seen, (more-seen.)

Housekeeper.—"What is the matter of this venison steak on the butcher's table? I haven't seen it on the table." Cook.—"Why, you see, m'am, it wasn't the upper table at all; James can't bear venison, so I had to get a bit of venison for him."

## SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY G. D. B.

## I.

In order fully to comprehend the cause of the misfortunes which have befallen the Polish nation, it is necessary to consider the original of its institutions, and the changes which they underwent from the first permanent settlement of Sarmatia up to the time, when weakened by internal dissensions, it fell a prey to the covetousness of its powerful neighbors.

Out of the chaos which followed the dismemberment of the Roman Empire there gradually arose many independent communities, differing in manners and language, yet most all partaking of the same general character. The influence of Christianity and of civilized society tempered the ferocity of the conquerors of the fabric of Augustus, and in the fertile fields of Italy, and Gaul, and on the shores of northern Africa, and amidst the steppes of Spain, the Ostrogoths, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Visigoths were content to lay aside their nomadic habits, and to assume the manners, dress and language of their Roman slaves. This intermixture of the northern, forest-born customs with the refinements of the civil law gave birth to a system of jurisprudence, which culminated in the feudal structure, and traces of which are still visible in the constitutions of many of the states of Western Europe. In the East a narrow circle marked the confines of the once omnipotent Empire, preserved from utter annihilation only by the strong walls of the city of Constantinople, which for centuries presented an insurmountable bulwark to the hordes who followed with blind enthusiasm the standards of the successors of their great prophet.

Whilst the Persian and the Turk hung like birds of prey over the dying Empire of the East, and whilst a new Constantine was consolidating the provinces of the West, the hordes left on the northern side of the Danube were being filled with fresh emigrants from the populous regions of Tartary. Sarmatia was the "valley of passengers," successive waves of barbaric invaders had swept across its territory, pressing onward to revel in the spoils which awaited them on the other side of the Danube and the Rhine; and finally it received its permanent population from a Slavonic tribe, probably identical with that which settled the country lying eastward of it, now embraced in the Russian Empire. But the various migrations of the nations which occupied the territories of Northern Europe, are so wrapped in obscurity, that even the labors of a Gibbon and a De Buns have not been able satisfactorily to determine the precise limits of their different dominions.

In the free air of Sarmatia a race of shepherds lived in wild independence, uncontaminated by the vices of Southern Europe, and their manners unaltered during the progress of many generations. They wandered with their cattle, families, and scanty household furniture hither and thither over their vast uncultivated plains, as fancy or the allurements of superior pasturage dictated. Pitching their tents by the side of some limpid stream, they left their cattle to graze in the rich meadows, whilst their wives and Roman slaves performed those menial tasks in which their masters disdained to engage.

Mounted on fleet horses of the "Ukraine breed," covered with barbaric ornament, carrying in their hands their terrible cimeter, they broke in on the peaceful settlers of the Roman border, spreading terror and destruction; and retreating in safety to their native wilds, gloried in their achievements, and defied the revenge of the prefects of the provinces. In this state of combined pastoral monotony, and warlike excitement, in peace and in tumult, amidst the clashing of arms, and the gurgling of brooks those principles of an aristocratic supremacy and equality, to which the Polish nobility have ever clung such a tenacious hold, were originated and fostered. Each of the nation as he sat upon his charger, whose spirit was as haughty as his own, claimed as his free-dom that liberty of action which belongs to a state of nature anterior to the formation of society. But the consciousness of their individual weakness and mutual dependency must soon lead even the fiercest of mankind to unite for self-preservation; and, therefore, we find the fierce shepherds of Sarmatia forming themselves into principalities, each under a chief, who derived all his authority from the acquiescence of his subjects, from whom he was distinguished only by superior wealth and greater brilliancy of personal adornments. Thus divided into independent provinces, without any bond of union or sympathy existing between them, Sarmatia suffered all the horrors of oppression and intestine warfare. How could there be prosperity where rival chiefs sought by dint of arms to encroach on each other's possessions, and where a proud and reckless aristocracy trampled on the rights of an ignorant and impoverished peasantry? The scenes here enacted were similar to those which were played on the theatre of France previous to the accession of the house of Capet to the throne of that great kingdom. As in France so in Poland the oppressed populace strove by the creation of a central power to curb the injustice of their immediate masters; and the elevation of Cracus to the ducal throne of an united coun-

try threw a ray of hope over the opening years of the eighth century. But the results of this centralization of power were not equal to the wishes and expectations of its authors, for the Duke had little authority save that which was delegated to him by the turbulent and jealous nobility, and he could only claim the title of "Princeps inter pares." In their isolated situation, undisturbed by external affairs, the nobles furiously resisted the slightest encroachments on their ancient rights, and the feeble monarchs, destitute of support, gradually yielded to the pressure which they had endeavored to withstand, and parting with the substance only retained the shadow of a royal prerogative.

The city of Cracus perpetuates the name of the first Polish Duke, but the events of his reign are concealed in the obscurity of ages. His posterity having failed, a peasant named Piastus was, in the year 938, elevated to the ducal dignity; but the motives, which prompted the nobility to consent to the election of one of that portion of humanity which they oppressed and despised, are not discoverable; but certainly the event proved the wisdom of the selection. In a long and auspicious reign the illustrious peasant curbed the passions of his subjects, exalted the central power, ameliorated the condition of his own caste; and died at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years beloved, feared, and regretted. With such pleasure and gratitude did the nation regard his memory that each succeeding native monarch accepted as an honorable title, at his coronation, the name of Piast, just as the Roman emperors added to their own, often barbarous names, the title of Cæsar or Augustus.

The history of the immediate successors of the long lived Duke is entangled in much obscurity, and it is not until the reign of Boleslas that we can discover any traces of that authenticity which is so essential to historical narrative, and even the accounts of his times are not a little confused. At the age of twenty-five years he ascended the throne, expelled from the dukedom his two brothers, who were joint heirs with himself; assumed the title of King, and boldly declared his intention to maintain the royal prerogative. This event happened in the year 992, when the chair of St. Peter was filled by Gregory V., who refused to place the crown on the head of the new monarch. Boleslas earnestly commenced to reform the abuses which were prevalent in the kingdom; and by disciplining the armies, and training, in person, selected youth of the nation, he was soon prepared to enlarge the bounds of his territory. Prussia, Moravia, and Bohemia, were invaded, conquered, and annexed, and had his ambition been commensurate with his power, he might have established himself in Russia and Lithuania. But his fame as a warrior and conqueror is eclipsed by the memory of his exertions to ensure to his people the blessings of liberty and justice. With his own eyes he inspected the reports of the investigations of the magistrates; and a council of twelve of the wisest men of the kingdom visited yearly the different provinces, inquiring into the condition of the peasantry, hearing their complaints, and striving to restrain the cruelty of the aristocratic task-masters. Soon after he had solemnly crowned himself in the presence of an assembly of Christian bishops, who prudently acknowledged him to be the lawful ruler of the monarchy of Poland, in the forty-eighth year of his age this great King gave up the ghost. His successor, Boleslas II., having married the heiress of Red Russia, that province was added to the Polish dominions.

The reigns of the Piasts after the death of Boleslas present but little attractive history, until we reach the name of Casimir III., the "Father of the Peasantry," which title leads us to consider more particularly the condition of the two great classes into which the inhabitants of Poland have ever been divided. The nobility were originally the proprietors of the soil, and with their estates claimed the possession of the boors who inhabited them. Disclaiming any industrial or commercial employment they retained the profession of arms as their peculiar birth-right; too proud to combat on foot they formed a body of cavalry inferior to none in the world as far as valor, personal appearance, and excellence of horses availed; but their independent spirit was destructive to discipline, and their fierce charges were of little avail against the death vomiting cannon, and solid ranks of the Russian armies. Clinging with blind constancy to their ancient customs, they sacrificed their country to their pride; impatient of control, they, who should have been the conservators, were the outragers of the public peace. Freedom from arrest before conviction of crime, was one of their cherished privileges, and the more powerful could violate justice with impunity. In their ceaseless contests with the monarchs whom they suffered to reign they ever exhibited the same firmness of purpose to deny that any Prince by hereditary right could rule over the Polish nation. So far was this principle carried that they admitted of no distinctions among the members of their own order, except such temporary ones as were necessary for the administration of the government, and even these they regarded with great distrust and jealousy.

The peasantry, on the other hand, were the subjects of a merciless slavery, which condemned their bodies to mental labor and their minds to eternal darkness. With no

hopes and no aspirations; ignorant and debased, deburred from commerce, destitute, for the most part, of mechanical skill, they passed their years of bondage in patient toil; for, having never tasted of the blessings of liberty, they were ignorant of its sweet savor.

Commerce and the industrial pursuits thus abandoned by the nobility, and forbidden to the peasantry, fell into the hands of the Jews; and it is said "that at least one half the whole descendants of Abraham are to be found in what formerly were the Polish dominions."

To alleviate the sufferings of the populace, Casimir exerted his utmost powers; but with little success. The enactment of a fine as a penalty for the murder of a peasant was but a slight check on the violence of the grandees, who regarded the former class in the light of chattels, which could be exchanged or annihilated at their owner's pleasure; and by force or duplicity they easily obviated or evaded all the regulations of the benevolent monarch, who in vain strove by raising a middle class of society to balance the power of the proud aristocracy.

On the decease of Casimir without leaving issue, his nephew, Louis of Hungary, ascended the throne, but in the reign of this Prince all the advantages which his ancestors had gained were recovered by the nobility, who exacted from him certain conditions, which ever after remained as the fundamental principles of the Polish Constitution. Louis left no male heir. After a dominion of four hundred years the Piasts were extinct.

Despairing of agreeing on a native sovereign, the Polish nobility offered the vacant throne to Ladislaus Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, who solemnly ratified the conditions which had been extorted from his predecessor. With this reign commences the date of the era of the so-called Polish Republic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**QUEEN ERIK'S LETTER.**—The following is a copy of a letter sent to the clerk of a parish church in Gloucester:—"Mister, my wife is dead, and wants to be buried; dig a grave for her, and she shall come and be buried to-morrow, at eleven o'clock. You know where to dig it, close to my other wife; but let it be deep."

**A BUNCH OF WIDOWS.**—BY LORD DUNDREARY.—Why are my widows like a poor man's which relations?—Because, don't you see, they're never to be found in. Stop! I mean because they're always found out. He! he! he! he! Why have fellows, when they get married, no reason to complain of their wives being flighty?—Because, you know, they always give them wedding-wings. He! he! he! he!

**THEY BEAT ALL CREATION ON BEATS IN CALIFORNIA.**—A red bear raised there weighed 118 pounds, and was five feet long and a foot in diameter. It kept on growing for three years, without going to seed.

**AN EDITOR FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS** remarks that a married lady has favored him with the following statistical report from her section: "Bachelors henpecked by their housekeepers, 3,185. Pestored by legacy-hunting relatives, 1,736. Devoured by envious and selfish cares, 5,604. Troubled by nephews and nieces, 1,883. Crabbed, cross-grained, desolate, in life's decline, 5,384. Happy, none. Old maids will subsequently be taken into consideration."

**A SERVANT-GIRL**, who was employed to pickle her master's cabbages, took the opportunity to cabbage her master's pickles. She is the same one who was happy and careless when she was young, and capy and hairless when she was old.

**THAT'S A GOOD 'UN.**—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words, 'Paradise, Year 1, Adam.'"

**REASONING BY CANDLE-LIGHT.**—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I., was one from the ancient town of Suresbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the King to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son, then, must reign by candle-light."

**BITTER REMARK.**—Madame R——, who is still a coquette in her advanced maturity, came to a private evening party, after eleven o'clock. "How late you are, my charmer!" said the mistress of the house to her, reprovingly. "I am quite ashamed," answered Madame R——; "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to do my hair."

**AND ADAM SAID.**—"This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife. They shall be one flesh." No Cards.

**THE COURSE OF A TRUE WOMAN** is that of the gentle stream, which, without eddies or rapids, flows softly down from their secret fountains in the hills, and indicate their presence only by the deeper verdure of the meadows they water and the sweet dowers that fringe their borders.

## THE DAMAGES TO THE MONITORS.

The private letters from persons in the fleet give more definite details of the condition of the iron-clads than the official dispatches. The correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing on board the monitor Ram-taker, off Charleston, April 7th, describes the condition of the monitors after the fight of that day, as follows:—

"All right, nobody hurt, ready for them again," was the hearty response of Captain Geo. Rodgers, of the Catskill, as I stepped upon the slatted deck of that vessel and grasped the hand of her wide-awake commander. He had received about thirty shots. One 300-pounder, thrown evidently from a barbette gun, had fallen with tremendous force upon the deck, leading, but not breaking or penetrating the iron. On the sides, on the turret and on the pilot-house were indentations like saucers, but there was no sign of serious damage.

The Nahant came down to her anchorage with a gashed smoke-stack. Going on board, we found that eleven of her officers and crew had received contusions from the flying of bolt-heads in the turret. One shot had jammed the lower ridge of her turret, interfering with its revolution. She had been struck forty times; but, aside from the loss of a few bolt-heads, a diminished draft to her chimney, and the slight jam upon the turret, already mentioned, and the injuries received by the crew, was unharmed. Her armor was intact.

The other monitors had each a few bolts started. Four gun-carriages needed slight repairs, injured, not by the enemy's shot, but by their own recoil. One small-sized shot had ripped up the plating of the Palisado and pierced the wood-work beneath. This was the only shot out of the twenty-five hundred or three thousand supposed to have been fired from the forts which penetrated the monitors!

The Washawken had received three heavy shots upon her side, the indentations close together. The plates were badly bent, but the shot had fallen as harmlessly as pebbles upon the side of a barn.

The Ironsides had received thirty balls, all of which had been turned by her armor. She was about one thousand yards from the fort. One 150-pound shot fell upon the sand bank on her deck, doing no damage.

Under date of April 8th, the correspondent remarks:—  
The Passaic's turret revolves. Workmen have straightened the gun-guides, and the five guns which were temporarily disabled by little things are all right. I am astonished to find the fleet in so excellent a condition.

## CHARLESTON TO BE AGAIN ATTACKED.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial intimates that the President is not pleased with the culmination of the six months of preparation for the reduction of Charleston, into two hours' fighting. It is no secret, says the letter, that the reconnaissance which accomplished so little is to be followed by a *bona fide* attack, which is to be continued so long as an iron-clad can fire a gun.

Another letter to the same paper says the Diplomatics have received unofficial intimations that President Lincoln intends to have Charleston re-occupied by the United States authorities.

There is much comment in Washington on the fact of General Hunter having remained an idle spectator of the reconnaissance.

Richmond papers of the 16th contain the following:—  
"All was quiet in Charleston. The enemy occupies Coles, Klaws and Seabrook Islands, in considerable force, being protected by the gun-boats. Their transports have left."

## NEWS ITEMS.

**A REMEDY FOR POISONING BY Strychnine and mushrooms** is announced in England. It consists in making the patient eat large quantities of refined sugar, and in desperate cases opening a vein and injecting sugared water. Its effects are to oxygenate the blood and restore the circulation.

**THE SACRAMENTO UNION** makes the following startling announcement: That no one was hurt in the greatest wonder—The schooner Commodore sailed yesterday morning for San Francisco, firing a parting salute of one gun, with forty cords of wood and eighteen tons of flour, from Knight's Landing."

**CAPT. ALDER**, of the sloop-of-war Richmond, discovered a new plan of producing artificial moonlight, while attempting recently to pass Port Hudson on a dark night. He whitewashed the decks, and the consequence was that the heads of shell, cannon, &c., stood out in bold relief, giving the seamen no trouble to lay hands upon them when wanted, and being of no use to the enemy.

**THREE THOUSAND POUNDS** of Illinois cotton, raised in Washington county, was sold a few days since in Boston at eighty-seven and a half cents per pound. Cotton bids fair to become a permanent article of export from Southern Illinois.

**A PENSION** of fifty dollars per month has been granted to the widow of the late Gen. Isaac I. Stevens, who fell at the second battle of Bull Run.

**OUR TROOPS** have crossed the Rappahannock under General Sigel, Averell, McGregg, and Sir Percy Wyndham, and have advanced into Culpepper county, Virginia. The main body of the rebel Army of Virginia is now operating near Newbern, Suffolk, and Williamsburg. The rebels are sending troops to the South West daily by railroad.

**END OF THE WORLD.**—The date of the end of the world is satisfactorily fixed for the year 1886. There is an ancient prediction, repeated by N. stradamus in his "Gen. toria," which says that when St. George saw clearly the Lord, when St. Mark shall raise him, and St. John shall assist at his ascension, the end of the world shall come. In the year 1886 it will happen that Good Friday falls on St. George's day, Easter Sunday on St. Mark's day, and Holy Thursday on Ascension day will be also the feast of St. John the Baptist.

**NEW ALBANY, Indiana**, is considered a poor place to die in, as the Ledger, of that place, gives the pleasant information that the road to the cemetery is entirely impassable, in carriages, on foot or on horseback, and that a coachman newly can be hired if he does it. It is supposed that the good people of New Albany, under such a painful state of circumstances, have concluded to delay until this blockade lets up, unless before demise they make preparations for being mummied.

## COFFEE SUBSTITUTES—ANOTHER.

To the lover of strong, pure coffee, no substitute can be offered that will exactly fill its place. But there are several preparations which may be used as drink, and that answer very well where the milk or cream and sugar are the most desirable parts of the ingredients. Baked milk, (which is always better than raw milk, for tea as well as coffee,) if well sweetened and creamed, may be flavored with a variety of essences or compounds to suit the tastes of different persons, according to habit. Dandelion root is considerably used now, but it is a medicinal root, and should be reserved to use only as medicine. Chicory root, burned, approaches most nearly in flavor and effects to the genuine coffee, but it is not a safe drink. Continued free use of chicory will seriously affect the nerves, the digestive organs, and ultimately the whole system. We have accounts of the worst consequences resulting to chicory drinkers in Germany—quite appalling those produced by alcoholic liquors drunk to excess.

Rye, bread, corn meal, barley, peas, etc., have each their advocates, and they answer a good purpose where the taste has not been confirmed for genuine coffee. Just now there are a multitude of manufacturers of "Rye Coffee," "Barley Coffee," "Dandelion Coffee," etc., and each one seems to be doing a good business. They get almost everybody to try one parcel, and this alone makes a large business. We have examined several of these compounds, some of them recommended quite strongly by those who have purchased and tried them. A careful analysis of some of the most popular "rye coffees," and "barley coffees," so called, show that they contain disguised chicory, and that they are flavored with burnt sugar. Any one using a home-made coffee of rye, barley, etc., will find a material improvement in the flavor if they smear the grain before burning with a little syrup made with sugar and water.

The best home-made coffee substitute, among all the numerous specimens recently sent to the Agricultural office by subscribers and others, is a sample forwarded by Mr. Eleazar Latham, of Suffolk county, N. Y., which he calls "Long Island Coffee." It yields a quite pleasant-flavored drink, especially when used—as we always use coffee—with a large amount of boiled milk, cream, and sugar, &c. The directions furnished by Mr. L. are to take coarse fresh ground WHEAT BRAN, sifted clean from flour and fine particles of bran or middlings (literally wheat shells), and moisten two pounds of it with about a half pint of good molasses mixed with the same amount of water. Then roast slowly in a pan until well browned. He adds the suggestion, which we think a good one, that the flavor will be improved by using sugar instead of molasses; that is, moisten the bran with sugar syrup. For use, take about double the quantity that would be required of genuine coffee. Some chicory or real coffee may be added, when a less quantity will be needed. Bran is cheap, about a cent a pound, and there is a good deal of "nourishment" in it, as well as a peculiar oil, that when roasted has an agreeable flavor. Indeed, it is the skin or shell of grain, as rye, barley, etc., that gives the chief flavor to the liquids made from them; the inner portion is mainly starch, which, when burned brown, is similar to charcoal or the same as burned bread coffee.

Judging from several trials of the box kindly forwarded (express paid) by Mr. Latham, we think he has done good service to those desiring a palatable, cheap, and safe substitute for coffee. His suggestions about using sugar instead of molasses, is worth noting, as we detect a little of the disagreeable flavor of the molasses in the sample. We recommend the "Long Island Coffee," to general use, at least until something better is found. Several trials may be required to get the right proportion of sugar, and the proper degree of parching or roasting. A little overburning of even a small part of a batch, may render the whole bitter or disagreeable, the same as is the case with the real coffee.—*American Agriculturist*

**RATIO OF SOLDIERS TO POPULATION.**—The following table shows the ratio of the number of soldiers furnished thus far by each state to the population of the state. In Kansas, it would appear that one-fourth of the entire male population has gone to the war. The states are arranged in the order of their ratio:—

Kansas	1 to 7.30	Massachusetts	1 to 17.00
Rhode Island	1 to 11.10	New York	1 to 17.50
Illinois	1 to 12.60	N. Hampshire	1 to 17.90
Indiana	1 to 13.15	Wisconsin	1 to 18.30
Ohio	1 to 13.30	Kentucky	1 to 20.20
Iowa	1 to 13.50	Maine	1 to 20.24
Minnesota	1 to 14.50	New Jersey	1 to 22.40
Pennsylvania	1 to 14.65	Delaware	1 to 22.44
Michigan	1 to 15.61	Missouri	1 to 31.02
Connecticut	1 to 16.12	Oregon	1 to 31.56
Vermont	1 to 16.28	California	1 to 34.35
Western Va.	1 to 16.75	Maryland	1 to 35.20

**GROUCH (Byron's old flame)** it is said is writing the post's life. It will be curious to see that celebrated career from such a standpoint. A contemporary says of Grouch: "She is sixty years old, wears a blue wig, has teeth and fangs, is a hard old woman, and is vain enough to believe she is still young."

**THE INDIANOLA.**—There is no question now as to the fact of the gunboat Her wheelhouse being seen above the water opposite Carthage. She was blown up as the signal of a catastrophe, which the rebels thought was a "torpedo monster" coming down to recapture her.

## LATEST NEWS.

**WASHINGTON, April 18.**—Reports have been circulating here during the last twenty-four hours that our forces have driven the enemy from and across Gardenville. But it is ascertained, after inquiry in the proper quarters, that there is nothing authentic to sustain such reports. The rebels, however, say that large bodies of Union cavalry are moving up the river (Aquies creek) for a movement of importance.

**NASHVILLE, April 18.**—There is great excitement in the city to-night, in consequence of a rumored attack by the rebels upon Van Dorn. The Ordnance Department has issued arms to all the employees in the Quartermaster's Department, by order of Gen. Rosecrans.

**Gen. Foster** has arrived at Newbern, having run the blockade of the rebel batteries on the river, in the steamer Ramo. The pilot was killed, and several men were wounded. Gen. Hagler is at Newbern.

A letter in the Richmond Daily Dispatch says that there was a fight at Kelly's Ford, about twenty-five miles above Fredericksburg. The rebels say that our troops under Gen. Rosecrans were repulsed.

The rebels still continue to annoy our troops at Suffolk. Despatches say they intend a grand attack shortly. The roads between that place and Norfolk are well guarded.

The Richmond Dispatch has a rumor that the rebels have taken Fort Wagner at Williamsburg, with 1,000 prisoners! That they have surrounded our forces at Suffolk and cut off their communication with Norfolk. The reported fight at Kelly's Ford is confirmed.

Richmond papers of the 17th say that our troops at Lake Providence have moved to Vicksburg and Grandis. They also admit the recapture by our forces of New Carthage. The rebel government headquarters at Branchville have been destroyed by fire. The squadron on the Nansamond river has been reinforced.

From San Francisco we learn that the French have been engaged in bombarding Puebla, the Mexicans replying. The city still holds out.

The Geneva Gazette says the following is a copy of an advertisement, posted in a conspicuous place on a manufacturing establishment in that village:—"Wanted—Four industrious young men wish to marry four respectable young ladies who enjoy a fortune of three hundred dollars each,—to evade the draft. Inquire within."

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

Paper is so scarce in the South that the editor of the Morning Trawler writes his editorials with stolen chalk on the sole of his boot, and goes bareheaded while his boy sets up the manuscript!

"Jemima," said one Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, "What is that snorting beast?" "Shure, I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's a steam-bell at spurling to get to water."

One who did not understand French, would naturally suppose, when he read of those people, that they would be fiery-tempered instead of languid. So much for the miserable business of the Tower of Babel. There is dew in one flower and not in another—because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drops run off.

A man out in Indiana, got a divorce from his wife because she went skating against his wishes! He concluded to let her slide.

Mr. Hittell, in his work on California, says the total gold yield of that state has not been less than seven hundred millions of dollars. There is precious metal enough yet undeveloped, in this country, to pay the entire war debt.

The Grand Hap's Eagle man says he wouldn't mind the high price of wood so much, if all his neighbors hadn't taken to the disgusting habit of locking their wood-house doors at night.

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy performed with the monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."

Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty; poverty patience, and patience peace. So peace brings war, and war brings peace.

How many legs would a dog have, if you called his tail one? "Five, of course." "No; only four. It wouldn't make his tail a leg to call it one."

An alum spring and a great bed of the substance itself, as pure as the imported article, has been discovered in Grenada Territory.

Gail Hamilton, in the Atlantic Monthly for April, says: "The man who gave rubber boots to women did more to elevate woman than all the theorists, male or female, that ever were born."

An insatiable lover must have been Catullus, a Roman poet, who was asked by Lesbia, how many of her kisses would satisfy him, and replied—"As many as there are sands in the deserts, or stars in the heavens."

"Mother," said a bright-eyed little boy, as he saw an inebriate staggering down street, "mother, did God make that man?" "Yes, my child," "Well," said the little fellow after a moment or two of thoughtfulness, "I wouldn't."

In Chit, at the table d'hôte of the leading hotel, gentlemen smoke between the courses, and at intervals along the table are placed little three-legged metal cups, containing coals of fire, by which to light the cigarettes.

## GONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY E. H. PRATT.

The child Death-angel stood  
Upon our threshold long in meditative mood,  
As something which should be  
Of our loved ones led upward to Eternity.  
Heard our faded eyes  
Turned pleadingly toward the White Throne  
Beyond the veil;  
He heard our piteous prayer,  
"Oh, Thou, dear God! in mercy our beloved  
spare!"  
And stooped white his head:  
Not long he entered soon, at God's All-Wise  
command,  
And when again he opened  
His mighty wings for flight our little boy was  
dead.  
Ah, me! we are so lone!  
Our little singing bird is mute,—our dear love's  
gone!  
How widely our thoughts roam,—  
"When this task ends then I will haste to land  
his home."  
Alas! it may not be:  
He is not now, as it was of our joy to see,  
At merry busy play;  
On yonder hill-side sleeps our little boy to-  
day.  
No more his laughing feet  
Will bring him, with his morning kiss and  
smile, to greet  
Our fond, expectant eyes;  
Deep in his little grave all cold and dead he  
lies.  
Not dead! but gone before!  
Our darling is not lost, though he return no  
more.  
God has him safe at home:  
And in that Heavenly Land he waits until we  
come.

## A PERFECT TREASURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw the carriage drive away with an  
indifference that now strikes me with amaze-  
ment, an utter blindness to "coming events,"  
that tells but little to the credit of my  
powers of prophecy. I smiled, actually  
smiled at the dewy eyes that looked into  
mine from under the shade of Hettie's trav-  
elling bonnet, and cracked my fingers at the  
baby, as if the world had no care for me.  
Mischievous, deluded mortal, my eyes were to  
be so soon opened to my desolation.  
We had been married eighteen months,  
and this was our first parting; but Hettie's  
sister was to be married, and Hettie was  
prematurely summoned to the wedding.  
Of course she could not leave baby, and of  
course baby must have Lizzie. Lizzie, be it  
known, is an old servant of Hettie's mother's,  
who was promoted six months ago to the  
honorable post of nurse to Charlie, Junior.  
Since her increase of duties, Hettie has so-  
lemnly declared every day, that we must  
have another servant, and when the invita-  
tion came for the wedding, this important  
article was secured. She had never lived  
in this city before, but brought what Hettie  
called such letters from New York, and we  
engaged her. Three days proved her a per-  
fect treasure, and my little wife left me to  
go to her mother's with a heart free from all  
care on the housekeeping question.

I went into the house whistling! and it  
did not choke me!

"Nora!" this was the name of the perfect  
treasure, "I shall send home dinner; have it  
ready at two exactly."

Nora said something from the depths of  
the kitchen, and I departed. It was very  
early, for Hettie had taken the first morn-  
ing train; but somehow the house looked  
forlorn, with no blue-eyed mistress, and no  
crowing baby, so I rushed to the store to ac-  
complish an unheard of sight of work,  
sending home, on my way, a good dinner,—  
roast of beef, early peas, new potatoes, and  
strawberries.

As dinner time drew near, I found myself  
unconsciously expecting a romp with baby,  
and Hettie's bright welcome, but I said  
pshaw! and felt better. Yet I will not deny  
that I was glad to meet two old cronies of  
my bachelor days, and ask them to dine with  
me.

A laughing battery was opened upon me,  
on my newly acquired liberty, but unaware  
of what was to come, I laughed too.

"Dinner, Nora!" I cried, as I crossed the  
entry. Five minutes, ten, twenty, half an  
hour, three-quarters later, and no summons  
to dinner. With an apology, I went to as-  
certain the cause.

"Where's the dinner, Nora?"

"On the fire," came sulkily from the  
kitchen.

"Why ain't it on the table?"

"Sure the fire is low."

"What's the matter, Charlie?" cried Ned  
Hayes, from the parlor.

"Are we in the way, old fellow?" shout-  
ed Will Lee.

"Not a bit of it," I called back. "I'm  
only hurrying dinner."

"Do, that's a good fellow, for I must be  
off," said Ned.

"Come, Nora, you must serve dinner!" I  
cried hastily, and then ran down into the  
kitchen. My invaluable servant was "bring-  
ing up the fire," she informed me, to the  
startled "What are you doing?" that greeted  
her proceedings. First she threw in a pound  
of butter on a pile of blazing paper, then fol-

lowed two pork chops, and a can of oil was  
in her hand when I rushed at her.

"Are you human, woman?" I cried.  
She turned an impatient but sleepy face  
on me.

"Hey! What do you mean now? You  
go 'long, I'll get dinner."

I could not actually assert from my own  
experience that this was not the orthodox  
way to kindle a fire, but the roar of the  
blazing fat, the sickening smell, and blind-  
ing smoke were certainly something I had  
never met with under Hettie's rule.

"How near is dinner ready?" I asked, and  
then my eyes fell on the table, where all I  
had ordered stood perfectly raw.

"I had dining to do!" said Nora, in  
answer to my angry exclamation.

"What can you give us now?" I asked.

"Sure I'll cut yees a steak, and fry some  
potatoes and make a cup of coffee."

She looked sorry, and not about these pre-  
parations with such sudden alacrity, that I  
swallowed my wrath and returned to my  
friends. We tried to make a joke of it, but  
we were hungry and miserable. At last the  
welcome bell summoned us to the dining-  
room. There was no cloth over the ma-  
hogany, and the napkins were missing like-  
wise. At the head of the table stood the  
frying pan, and in it a large steak burned to  
a perfect cinder. Facing this was an uncut  
loaf of bread on the table, and the potatoes  
burnt as black as the meat were served in a  
glass preserve dish. Not a knife, fork, plate  
or tumbler was visible.

I am afraid I swore! I promised Hettie  
never to do it, but I am horribly afraid her  
blue eyes would have looked sorry if she  
had heard the first sentences that flew over  
the table. Ned and Will were in perfect  
convulsions of laughter.

"Take the steak in your fingers and see  
who'll eat to the middle first," said Ned.

"Here, gentlemen, is the only specimen  
extant of a cut-glass potato dish. Going,  
gentlemen! Stop swearing, Charlie!" said  
Will.

Mentally resolving to give my treasure  
her ticket of leave in the evening, I pulled  
on a good face, and invited the boys to the  
Continental where we got dinner.

At tea time I rushed home vowing ven-  
geance. No answer met my repeated call,  
and I went to the kitchen. Under the table,  
dead drunk, lay the perfect treasure. The  
dinner still graced the dining-table, the un-  
washed breakfast dishes stood on the dresser,  
not a plate was touched, and I walked out  
of the kitchen in perfect despair. Why I  
didn't call a policeman is Hettie's wonder,  
but I actually did not think of it.

There was no rousing her. She lay in a  
deep stupor, so I left her to sleep off the  
effects of her folly, and went up stairs.

No wife, no baby, no comfort, "no no-  
thing." I smoked a cigar, and opened a  
newspaper, but whether it was Tom Thumb  
that offered the opposition to the honorable  
gentleman's motions, or Jay's Cherry Pec-  
toral that was arrested last night for the mur-  
der of "Medes" at the new hotel just opened  
for our enterprising fellow citizens, the Em-  
pire Eugene—or why the new relations  
with foreign powers so powerfully affected  
the new shuttle attachment Lard Oil, or in-  
terfered with the price of Java shirtings—or  
whether pork was lively or cheese heavy, or  
why new hams had not risen, I cannot tell  
to this day. I tried to whistle and found  
over of These tumbling over Yankee Doodle,  
while variations of the Groves of Blarney,  
somehow turned into We're all a Nodding—  
which last suggested bed, and up stairs I  
went, first taking all the matches out of the  
kitchen and locking the perfect treasure in.

I opened my door, and went toward the  
gas-burner, my matches in my hand. Some-  
thing was in the way. I pitched, fell, pulled  
something at which I clutched over me, was  
suddenly deluged with cold water, and—  
smothered under a heap of clothes. I  
don't know what I said when I got up. I  
was reckless! I struck a match and lit the  
gas. Baby's bath-tub, full of water, was my  
stumbling block, and a chair covered with  
bedclothes the object I had pulled over me,  
and into the tub. My bed was unmade, all  
the litter of a hurried dressing and departure  
lay around me. I was wet to the skin, and  
had lost every remnant of patience. I am  
sure I did not stamp or scold anymore than  
occasion warranted, but finally tumbled  
down on the bed, and fell asleep.

The morning light did not beautify that  
room, much, and the utter impossibility of  
finding anything in the chaos did not im-  
prove matters. I managed to dress and go  
down stairs. Nora was sitting up, rubbing  
her sleepy eyes—the baker and milkman  
had knocked till they were tired and left, so  
there was a fine prospect for breakfast, but  
I roused up my servant, sent her to pack her  
trunk, and saw her leave the house. Then,  
and not sooner, I went down to the store.  
In the afternoon Hettie came home. She  
discovered that all the spoons, forks, and  
baby's silver cup, the napkins, towels, and  
my fine shirts, the parlor ornaments, books,  
and clock, with other trifles too numerous to  
mention, were all carried off in the trunk of  
our

PERFECT TREASURE.

"Mrs. Brovning has said and truly,  
"It takes a soul to move a body. It takes  
a high souled man to move the masses.  
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth  
off the dust of the actual.  
And your Fouries failed  
Because not poets enough to understand  
That life develops from within."

## IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cause and reason,  
Crowding round our neighbor's way,  
If we knew the little losses,  
Society grievous day by day,  
Would we then so often chide  
For his lack of thrift and gain—  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows  
Lying on the ferny grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story  
Quivering through the heart of pain,  
Would our womanhood dare doom it  
Back to haunts of guilt again?  
Life hath many a tangled crossing,  
Joy hath many a break of woe,  
And the cheeks tear-washed are whiter;  
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature,  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that, when our disordered spirits  
Fear to realms of light again,  
We may say "Dear Father, judge us,  
As we judge our fellow-men."

HOW OUR GRANDMOTHER  
STOPPED THE THIEF.

I am a very old lady. I have very often  
told my grandchildren the story of how I  
stopped the thief. And now they beg me to  
write it down, that they may read my story  
themselves. When I am dead, they mean.  
And so I write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in  
an old country farm-house with my father.  
Your great-grandmother died, as you have  
heard, when I was born, and so I was my  
father's only companion. Dearly I loved  
him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his  
labors and all his pleasures. At the time I  
write of I was just eleven years old; a merry  
boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes, and a  
spirit of achievement that was always get-  
ting me into mischief. I could fill pages  
with my adventures, but I know you only  
now wish for one.

I must describe our house. It was built  
in the days of Dutch William, by some one  
who had learned to love the houses of Hol-  
land. The dwelling-house itself was nearly  
a cube; a great cube of dark red brick. The  
front door opened into a passage that pierced  
the block, and ended by another door which  
led into our farm-yard. There were two tall,  
narrow windows on either side of the principal  
door, and five tall, narrow windows on the  
first story. A heavy cornice hung over this  
row of windows, and from it rose the steep  
roof, covered with curly red tiles. This roof  
did not rise to a point. It was surmounted  
by a kind of summer house of wood, about  
seven or eight feet square, with a window in  
each of its four sides. This little chamber,  
which we called our lighthouse, was itself  
surmounted by a big shining vane. The in-  
terior of the lighthouse was reached through  
a small trap-door. This trap-door was in  
the ceiling of the great garret formed by the  
whole roof of the house. The garret could  
only be entered by one other trap-door,  
which opened into my father's room. There  
was just space enough in the lighthouse for  
my father's writing-table. There he kept  
his accounts, not without some straining of  
his brain, with scrupulous exactness. There  
he wrote his letters, on these rare occasions  
when necessity compelled him to do so.  
There were his samples of corn, his rusty  
plow, and his dozen drawers of indecipher-  
able odds and ends. There he could see  
the half of his lands, and exercise a distant  
supervision over his men.

Four times a year my father paid the rent  
for his hired lands. The home-farm, as you  
know, was his own. On the day before the  
rent was to be taken to the landlord's stew-  
ard, the sun was always brought in gold  
from the bank at the town. Such a pro-  
ceeding might not be very wise, but it was  
hallowed by its antiquity. The money was  
usually kept in a bag in my father's own  
room. All these arrangements were well  
known to me. I shut my eyes now, and I  
see my father in his clean gaiters, and the  
neat bow that tied his hair; I see him ride  
off on his roan hack to pay his rent, and I  
know every crease in the little leather bag  
that carries the gold.

All the tribe of house servants and labor-  
ers who lived on our farm knew my father's  
ways as well as I did. But he was unusu-  
ally suspicious to a fault.

One Friday evening my father had ridden  
to the town, and had come back with his  
gold. All the maids and the men were sit-  
ting at their supper in our great kitchen,  
and I stood by the noisy fire waiting for my  
father to come down to them. He always  
came in to their meal, said a hearty word  
to those who were nearest to him, and then  
retired with me to his own parlor, his sup-  
per, and his pipe of peace.

On the particular evening in question, he  
walked into the room, swinging something  
in his hand. It was the leather bag that  
carried the money; but it was empty. I

knew that its place was in the bureau in my  
father's room,—not empty, but full.

"Father," I said "where's the money?"

"Why haven't you looked it up in the bag?"  
Everybody in the room heard my ques-  
tion, for there was always a hush when the  
master came among his men, and everybody  
in the room heard his answer:

"Where's the money, miss? I mounted  
the lighthouse when I came in, to get the  
keys I left there in the morning, caught the  
bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled  
all the coin into the drawer. There it may  
lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more, I had been dismissed  
with my usual kiss, and was shut close in  
my own room. I have said that I should  
describe the house. I have only partly  
done so. The great range of stables and  
farm-buildings, at the corner of which the  
actual house was built, were partly made  
out of the ruins of an old manor-house that  
had fallen into decay with a fallen family.  
The only part of the buildings that still  
showed any signs of architectural beauty  
was one gable end, where the stables abut-  
ted on the modern house. There stood still  
an old room on a third floor, with great mul-  
lioned windows, each in a gable of its own,  
that stood out from the old roof. Two of  
these large windows looked out to the west;  
and on the south side, which adjoined the  
modern house, was a smaller attic window,  
apparently inserted since the dismantling  
of the building, for instead of mullions, it  
contained a rough sash. The base of this  
little window (it was some five feet in height)

was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level  
with the projecting cornice of the house.  
Between the cornice and the sill of the  
window was a space of about a yard. The  
staircase of the old house led from what  
had been the hall (now filled with garden-  
ing tools and accumulations of out-door  
rubbish) into a room on the first floor, and  
up into the top room with the three win-  
dows. At some former time it had been  
proposed to use both the old and new build-  
ings for domestic purposes, and a bridge  
passage had been built between the first-  
floor landing of the old staircase, and the  
room which I occupied. The door which  
led from my room to the little passage had  
been since furnished with many stout locks  
and bolts, but they were all on my side. It  
was a special delight to me to escape through  
my own door, and wander about the premi-  
ses. I had taken possession of the great  
attic with the great old windows, and there  
I kept my treasures, and did my best-loved  
work, as my father in his lighthouse. My  
father condoned my independence, and  
would only say, as he bade me good night:  
"Mind you lock your private front door,  
little missie. I would not have these stolen."

On the night in question, I lay long  
awake. I heard all the servants who slept  
in the house mount to their rooms. Then  
I heard my father locking and barring the  
two doors of the passage, and ascend in his  
turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room,  
before he retired to his own. Still I lay  
awake, and grew restless in my bed. I be-  
gan to think of all that I had done in the  
day, and of all I meant to do to-morrow.  
I was going down to fish in the beck with  
Beriah, the stable-help, and Mary, the dairy-  
woman. I had been cutting a new hazel  
rod up to my rod, up in my sanctum in the  
old buildings. And where was my knife  
that I had been cutting with? My knife  
that my father had brought me from the  
town a year ago, and that I loved so very  
fondly? I had left it in the attic. Of course  
no one would go there. It was quite safe.  
But how silly to leave it! Could I go and  
fetch it? No: certainly not. My father  
would be very angry with me for going out  
in the night. I must go to sleep. But I  
should like to see how the attic looks in the  
broad moonlight that shines in my room. I  
cannot do any harm by going out. And I  
cannot sleep. And I hate to lie awake.  
The Dutch clock on the stairs strikes eleven.  
The house has been quite still for an hour  
and a half.

I stepped gently out of my bed, and stole  
to the window. How sharply outlined the  
shadows were. I remember the whole scene  
now. Great clouds were coursing over the  
sky, and presently the moon would be hid.  
I turned the key in the lock of my own door.  
It moved so silently and easily, that I could  
not help palling back the bolts. In another  
minute I was in my attic. You may think  
that I was a very courageous girl, and very  
unlike most of the children you know. Per-  
haps children now-a-days have more foolish  
ideas in their heads than those of seventy  
years ago. I knew nothing to be afraid of.  
There lay my rod, and there was my cher-  
ished knife, its blade looking very blue in the  
moonlight. I shut it, and vowed never to  
be so careless again. How strange the room  
looked! Everything was very black, or very  
bright, and the broad mullions made great  
stripes of shadow over the floor. I feasted  
my eyes at the big window, and then I turned  
to the little one. Opposite to me rose up  
the steep tiled roof, and at the top was the  
lighthouse, its vane shining in the clear  
light, and its windows looking just as though  
there were a candle inside. I had turned to  
go down to my bed again, for I was begin-  
ning to be conscious that it was cold, when  
I saw the window of the lighthouse that was  
nearest to me slowly open. I cannot say  
that I was exactly afraid, even then. I was  
spell-bound with astonishment, and stood  
motionless to watch. The sash was raised,  
and a man cautiously got out. He moved

awkwardly, and seemed to have his hands  
tied. Then he began to descend the roof  
very slowly, and very warily. He leaped  
back against the tiles, and lodging his feet  
and elbows in their projections, advanced  
inch by inch along his perilous journey,  
with his hands still in front of him. I had  
just time to recognize his features, when the  
great cloud came over the moon, and in the  
sudden gloom of the comparative darkness,  
I could see little. But I had seen enough  
now. The man was one James Connor, a  
laborer on the farm. He had come to the  
house some weeks ago, and though my fa-  
ther knew nothing of him, and he looked  
like a mere tramp, he had been received.  
His fellow-servants had complained, once or  
twice, that he was a drunkard, but he had  
promised amendment. He was in the kitchen  
when my father had indiscreetly answered  
my indiscreet question. What he was doing  
was clear enough. He had passed through  
my father's room before the house was closed  
for the night, had concealed himself in the  
garret till all was still, and had then mount-  
ed to the lighthouse to steal the money. He  
could not descend through my father's room  
without rousing him. Nor was it needful to  
do so. He knew the premises well, and was  
aware that if he could descend the roof, and  
gain the little window, he could at once  
reach the farm-yard, and make his way  
whithersoever he would. All this flashed  
through my mind as the cloud fell over the  
moon. In a moment I was watching more  
eagerly through the night, as the dim figure  
crept heedfully downward. He wore his  
shirt, and stockings, and shoes, and a pair  
of rough breeches. In his hands he held  
his spoils, perhaps because he wore no  
pockets; perhaps, because, as his stupid  
look showed, he was half drunk, and ran  
the risk of marring his plot, and maiming  
himself for life, by his folly. This I could  
not explain. I only saw him coming lower,  
lower, lower, with my father's gold clasped  
in his hands. The bottom sash alone was  
standing in the window, about a yard from  
the floor in height, and there was nothing  
between us but the space between the two  
buildings. I was hidden completely in the  
dark corner of the window. I thought the  
man must fall. He reached the cornice in  
safety, and stood up for a second before he  
stepped across. Then he stepped from roof to  
roof, and in a moment was leaning over the  
sash, supporting himself upon it by his  
arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that  
ran round the wall outside.

All this time I had simply watched. I had  
not thought what to do. I could not run  
away for help. I was chained to the spot.  
I knew that if the robber was to be baffled,  
it must be done now. As he paused before  
he clambered over the sash, and as he held  
out his hands with their spoils within them,  
I struck them with all my strength. The sud-  
denness of the shock effected what my  
weak form could never have done. The man  
was startled, his hands parted, and the gold  
rolled all over the floor. With a curse he  
clutched at my arm as I darted from the  
window, and caught it with a grasp that I  
felt to this hour. Had his power not been  
crippled by his dangerous position I should  
have stood but a very sorry chance against  
him. He could only use one arm, for with  
the other he was compelled to steady him-  
self on the window. With that one arm he  
held me, and raised his knee to step into the  
room. I do not know why he did not let me  
go. He could have caught me long before I  
could have given any serious alarm, and  
have silenced me effectually. He could not  
at the same time hold me and enter the  
room. All this time I did not scream. It  
seemed to me that the struggle was too  
serious to be interrupted, and I felt so in-  
tense an earnestness in the work of trying  
to escape, that I was prevented from utter-  
ing a sound. At last the thief contrived to  
hold my little wrist in his huge hand, and  
grasp the sash with it at the same time.  
In a second he would have been in the  
room. He could have stunned, or perhaps  
murdered, me, in a moment—have re-col-  
lected the gold, have descended into the  
court, and in those days, when as yet there  
were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have  
escaped. It was my left arm that was pri-  
soned. In my right I held the knife. I was  
desperate, then; and though I was but a  
little, small-boned girl, all the devil in me  
was roused. I fear I could have slain the  
man with small compunction, at the instant  
of the deed. I lifted the clasp-knife to my  
mouth, and tore open the blade with my  
teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of my foe  
as though I would cut it through. He start-  
ed back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his  
hold on the window, and fell. I heard the  
dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck  
the ground below. My left arm was covered  
with the hot blood I had shed. Then I  
turned round to rouse the house. But my  
young nerves remained strung only while  
the work was to be done. I staggered, and  
fell fainting among the broad guineas I had  
saved. I lay senseless for some hours, and  
then woke with a strange feeling of having  
done or suffered something—I hardly knew  
what. Slowly I remembered what had hap-  
pened. It was still dark. I went to the  
window to see what had become of my an-  
tagonist. There was light enough for me  
to see a dark mass below me, which I  
thought could be nothing else than Connor's  
body. I turned my head to the left, and  
saw the first faint light of morning breaking  
through the clouds. In half an hour the  
world of the farm would be astir. Slowly I

opened my eyes, and looked down at my  
spoils, and passed through it to my father's. It did  
not take long to assure him of my being whole  
and unharmed, in spite of my bloody night-  
doom. Wondering as I told him my tale,  
he called some of his men, and we went out  
to see the enemy. He was alive. I felt a  
thrill of pleasure at knowing that, though I  
could have taken his life so ruthlessly in my  
rage. He was alive, but so bruised and in-  
jured by his fall that he was perfectly help-  
less. One of his legs was broken, as we dis-  
covered afterwards, and his right arm was  
out of joint. The gash of my knife had  
done him no serious harm. It was a bad  
cut; but no more. He was carried off to  
jail as soon as he could be moved. I will  
not tell you the story of his trial and his  
punishment. I remember the judge said  
that the little girl was more fit to carry the  
King's colors than many a man of twice her  
years. But I doubt whether I could have  
carried a big flag, though I conquered a thief.  
And now my story is done. It happened  
seventy years ago, my children; but I re-  
member it all, and though I own to being  
proud of my stout heart, I have exaggerated  
nothing.  
B. J.

## DRESSING WITH TASTE.

It is strange that with all the time Ameri-  
can women bestow on dress, so few know how  
to prepare a simple toilet with taste. To be  
well dressed means, with most, to wear rich  
material, made up in gorgeous style, and  
with all the usual accessories of lace and  
jewelry, to add to the magnificence of the  
general effect. Never was a greater mis-  
take. To be well dressed is only to have at-  
titude suited to time, place, and circumstance,  
made in a becoming manner. This attitude  
may be a shilling calico or a rich silk, and  
yet, in either, if it is adapted to the con-  
ditions we have mentioned, a woman may be  
said to be well dressed. Where household  
duties have to be performed, and the care of  
children devolves partly upon the mistress  
of the house, a neat dress fitted gracefully to  
the figure is much better for morning wear  
than the faded remains of a more preten-  
sive costume. Nothing looks more forlorn  
than to see a would-be lady performing  
household offices, of not the most refined  
character, in an old torn or dirty silk dress,  
or a soiled and dragged and open wrapper.  
One of the secrets of dressing well is to dress  
appropriately, another to be careful of the  
details, the minutiae of the toilet. Thorough  
personal cleanliness, glossy, well-brushed  
hair, neat shoes and stockings, are as es-  
sential to good personal appearance as the ma-  
terial and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a  
lady who is particular in these minor mat-  
ters, can hardly ever be said to be ill-  
dressed, as this delicate refinement will not  
only excuse faults, but naturally show itself  
in the good taste which will guide her  
selection, no matter how small the cost  
may be.

Some persons have an extreme horror of  
being "caught," as they call it, in a morning-  
dress. Why they should be so sensitive on  
this point, it is difficult to say. If it is clean,  
and adapted to the work in which they are  
engaged, there is no shame in wearing it,  
and, above all, it ought to be remembered  
that no attire is good enough for the  
family which is not good enough for  
mere acquaintances who may chance to  
favor you with their society. It is much  
better to be caught in a plain morning-  
dress than to be caught very much over-  
dressed, as some unlucky individuals are,  
at a small evening party. In one case  
there is real cause for mortification, in the  
other there is none. Mothers should care-  
fully press this lesson upon their daughters.  
Many a young lady has lost through the dis-  
covery that the balls of the evening was  
the slattern of the morning, and that she  
paid more attention to the number of her  
doanances, than the cleanliness of her person,  
more care on the brilliancy of her head-dress  
than the condition of her hair.

## THE SINGER.

BY HARRIET McEWEEN KIMBALL.

She sits and sings in the room below,  
A tender ballad of love and woe,  
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,  
While she singeth so sad a lay—  
Seeming to pour her soul away?

Why not? She doth her heart no wrong;  
Lips joy-laden the whole day long,  
Well can afford to sorrow in song!

So, keep her, Heaven! nor let her know  
Other sighings than those that flow,  
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

Since provisions have grown so  
scarce at Richmond, the Enquirer, of that  
city, argues that eating three meals a day is  
very pernicious to the health, and says it is  
"as bad to grow fat as to get rich on the  
Confederacy." Philosophical rascals, those  
rebels. They are having bread riots all over  
the South, the rioters being women.

An up-country editor pays his re-  
spects to "newspaper borrowers—May  
their be a life of single-blessedness; may  
their paths be carpeted with cross-eyed  
snakes, and their nights be haunted with  
knock-kneed tom-cats."

## AFTER TEN YEARS.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF EMANUEL CHURCH.

I wandered long abroad, and thence returned,  
Came to my sister's house; I heard therein  
Clear-voiced jingles of children's voices—  
But all unknown. I looked, and in the chamber,  
Where fell through shades of leaves the gold of  
even.

Right glad of heart I saw—in number seven—  
The little ones at play. Their fair heads tum-  
bled.

In the rich stream of light, with burnish health  
Bloomed the round cheeks like rose. When I  
went forth  
To roam through the wild world, not one was  
born:

I scarce was master of their several names.  
So, silent and in wonder, with great eyes  
They stared at me; the play fell sudden mute;  
And then the eldest, drawing near me shy,  
Asked with the mother's very tone, "Who are  
you?"

And then came in my sister. In her arms  
I threw myself, and with a mother's pleasure  
She showed me all that sevenfold household  
treasure.

Which had increased so sweetly; to the children  
She showed the uncle dear come home again.  
Now all was joy and shouting; quick resolved,  
The bolder boys came climbing up to kiss me,  
The girls bent round their heads, and even the  
smallest.

Which shrunk at first in awe of my great beard,  
Put out its little hands to feel for me.  
Oh! that was rare delight, so interlaced  
And so fasten'd to be with fresh young life,  
Which clustered on me like a swarm of bees  
On a new hive, expecting tales of wonder  
With questions thousand-fold. Yet on my  
heart

Smote cold one breath of sadness, for these  
kisses,  
These questionings, which took me by close  
storm,

Spoke with an inward echo—"Steps so many  
Hast thou gone forward on the way of death.  
In these each day more quickly ripeneth  
The novel generation which shall walk  
Over thy grave, and happy be and weep."  
And so I laid my hands as though in blessing  
Upon those heads, and spoke in thought the  
words:

"Welcome, most gentle monitors of death;  
Welcome indeed, and thanks, that ye convey  
So tenderly disguised your earnest warning.  
But ye in joy grow up to prime of life,  
That when I am no more, ye and your brothers  
May perfect where fell short my age and I."

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD,"  
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

## CHAPTER V.

## WAITING.

Miss Vane walked very slowly homeward  
through the hot, breathless summer night.  
She was too sorrowful, too much depressed  
by the sudden disappointment which had  
fallen like a dark shadow upon the close of  
the day which had begun so brightly, to be  
embarrassed by any uncomfortable sense  
of her loneliness in the crowded thorough-  
fare.

No one molested or assailed her—she  
walked serene in her youth and innocence;  
though the full radiance of the lamplight  
rarely fell upon her face without some pass-  
ing glance of admiration resting there also.  
She never once thought that her father had  
done wrong in leaving her to walk alone  
through that crowded Parisian street. In the  
usefulness of her loving nature she  
scarcely remembered her disappointment  
about the theatre; not even when she passed  
the brilliantly lighted edifice, and looked, a  
little wistfully perhaps, at the crowd upon  
the threshold.

She was uneasy and unhappy about her  
father, because in all her Chelsea experiences  
she remembered evil to have resulted from  
his going out late at night; vague and mys-  
terious trouble, the nature of which he had  
never revealed to her, but whose effects had  
haunted him and depressed him for many  
dreary days. He had been sometimes, in-  
deed, very often, poorer after a late absence  
from his shabby Chelsea lodging; he had  
been now and then richer; but he had al-  
ways been alike remorseful and miserable  
after those occasional nights of dissipation.

His daughter was sorrowful therefore af-  
ter parting with him. She knew that, in  
spite of his declaration that he would be  
home at eleven, it would be between one  
and two in the morning when he returned;  
not tipsy—no, thank Heaven, he was no  
drunkard—but with a nervous, wretched,  
half-demented manner, which was perhaps  
more and to see than any ordinary intoxi-  
cation.

"I was in hopes papa would always stay  
at home with me now that I am grown up,"  
the young lady thought very sadly. "When  
I was little, of course it was different; I  
couldn't amuse him. Though we were very  
happy sometimes then; and I could play  
ecarte, or cribbage, or whist with two dum-  
mies. If I can get on very well with my  
education at Madame Marly's, and then get  
a situation as morning governess for a large  
salary—morning governesses do get high  
salaries sometimes—how happy papa and I  
might be."

Her spirits revived under the influence of  
cheering thoughts such as these. I have

said before that it was scarcely possible for  
her to be long unhappy. Her step grew  
lighter and faster as she walked homeward.  
The glory of the gas lights brightened with  
the brightening of her hopes. She no longer  
felt her loneliness in the indifferent crowd.  
She began to linger now and then before  
some of the most attractive of the shops,  
with almost the same intense rapture and  
delight that she had felt in the morning.

She was standing before a book-stall, or  
rather an open shop perhaps, reading the  
titles of the paper-covered romances with  
the full glare of the shadeless gas lights on  
her face, when she was startled by a loud,  
hoarse English voice, which exclaimed  
without one murmur of warning or prepa-  
ration:

"Don't tell me that this tall, young wo-  
man with the golden curls, is Miss Eleanor  
Vandeleur Vane, of Regent Gardens, King's  
Road, Chelsea, London, Middlesex. Please  
don't tell me anything of the kind, for I  
can't possibly believe anybody but Jack-  
and-the-beanstalk could have grown at such  
a rate."

Eleanor Vane turned round with her face  
lit up with smiles to greet this noisy gen-  
tleman.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, putting both her  
hands into the broad palm held out before  
her, "is it really you? Who would have  
thought of seeing you in Paris?"

"Or you, Miss Vane? We heard you were  
at school at Brixton."

"Yes, Dick, the young lady answered;  
"but I have come home now. Papa lives  
here, you know, and I am going to a finish-  
ing school in the Bois de Boulogne, and  
then I am going to be a morning governess,  
and live with papa always."

"You are a great deal too pretty for a  
governess," said the young man, looking ad-  
miringly at the bright face lifted up to him;  
"your mistress would snub you, Miss Vane,  
you'd better—"

"What, Dick?"

"Try our shop."

"What, be a scene-painter, Dick?" cried  
Eleanor, laughing. "It would be funny for  
a woman to be a scene-painter."

"Of course, Miss Vane. But nobody  
talked of scene-painting. You don't sup-  
pose I'd ask you to stand on the top of a  
ladder to put in skies and backgrounds, do  
you? There are other occupations at the  
Royal Waterloo Phoenix besides scene-  
painting. But I don't want to talk to you  
about that; I know how savage your poor  
old dad used to be when we talked of the  
Phoenix. What do you think I am over  
here for?"

"What, Richard?"

"Why, they're doing a great drama in  
eight acts and thirty-two tableaux at the  
Porte St. Martin Racol l'Empoisonneur it's  
called, Ralph the Poisoner, and I'm over  
here to pick up the music, sketch the scenery  
and effects, and translate the play. Some-  
thing like versatility there, I think, for five-  
and-thirty shillings a week."

"Dear Richard, you were always so  
clever."

"To be sure; it runs in the family."

"And the Signora, she is well, I hope?"

"Pretty well; the teaching goes on *tant  
bon que mauvais*, as our friends over here  
say. The Clement is a little thinner in tone  
than when you heard it last, and a little fur-  
ther off concert pitch; but as most of my  
pupil's sing flat, that's rather an ad-  
vantage than otherwise. But where are you  
going, Miss Vane? because, wherever it is,  
I'd better see you there. If we stand be-  
fore this book-stall any longer, the proprie-  
tor may think we're going to buy some-  
thing, and as the Parisians don't seem a  
buying people, the delusion might be too  
much for his nerves. Where shall I take  
you, Miss Vane?"

"To the Rue l'Archeveque, if you please,  
behind the Madeleine. Do you know it?"

"Better than I know myself, Miss Vane.  
The Signora lived in that direction when  
I was a boy. But how is it that you are  
all alone in the streets at this time of  
night?"

"Papa had an appointment with two gen-  
tlemen, and he—"

"And he left you to walk home alone.  
Then he still—"

"Still, what, Richard?"

The young man had stopped hesitatingly,  
and looking furtively at Eleanor.

"He still stays out late at night some-  
times; a bad habit, Miss Vane. I was in  
hopes he would have been cured of it by  
this time; especially as there are no dens in  
the Palais Royal, now-a-days."

"No dens in the Palais Royal," cried  
Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, my dear Miss Nelly, except  
that Paris used to be a very wild and wicked  
place."

"But it isn't now?"

"Oh, dear, no. Our modern Letitia is a  
very paradise of innocent delights, whose  
citizens enjoy themselves virtuously under  
the sheltering dictatorship of a paternal  
government. You don't understand me—  
well, never mind, you are still the bright-  
faced child you were in the King's Road,  
Chelsea, only taller and prettier—that's  
all."

Miss Vane had taken her companion's  
arm, and they were walking away towards  
the Madeleine by this time; the young lady  
clinging to her new friend almost as confi-  
dently as she had done to her father.

I don't think the confidence was mis-  
placed. This young man, with the loud

voice and the somewhat reckless manner,  
was only a student painter and a noted  
violin player at a transatlantic theatre. He  
was bound by no tie of relationship to the  
beautiful girl hanging upon his arm. In-  
deed, his acquaintance with Mr. Vane and  
his daughter had been of that accidental and  
casual kind out of which the friendships  
of poor people generally arise.

The young man had lodged with his aunt  
in the same house that for nearly six years  
had sheltered the proud old spendthrift and  
his motherless child, and some of Eleanor's  
earliest memories were of Signora Piccirilli  
and her nephew Richard Thornton. She  
had received her first lessons upon the  
pianoforte from the kind Signora, whose  
Neapolitan husband had died years and  
years before, leaving her nothing but an  
Italian name, which looked very imposing  
at the top of the circular which the music-  
mistress was wont to distribute among her  
pupils.

Richard Thornton, at eight-and-twenty,  
seemed a very elderly person in the eyes of  
the school-girl of fifteen. She could remem-  
ber him years, and years, and years ago, as  
it seemed to her, sitting in his shirt sleeves  
throughout the long summer afternoons, un-  
der the shadow of the scarlet runners in the  
little garden at Chelsea, smoking dirty clay  
pipes, and practising popular melodies upon  
his fiddle. Her father had thought him a  
nuisance, and had been lofty and reserved in  
his patronage of the young man; but to  
Eleanor, Dick had been the most delightful  
of playfellows, the wisest of counsellors, the  
most learned of instructors. Whatever  
Richard did, Miss Vane insisted upon also  
doing, humbly following the genius she ad-  
mired, with little toddling steps, along the  
brilliant pathway his talents adored.

I am afraid she had learned to play "God  
Save the Queen," and "Rory O'More," upon  
Richard's violin, before she had mastered  
Haydn's "Surprise," or "Ah, vous dirai-je,  
Maman!" upon the Signora's shabby old  
grand piano. She sneered her pinafore  
with poor Dick's water-colours, and insisted  
upon producing replicas of the young scene-  
painter's sketches, with all the houses lod-  
ged, and the trunks of all the trees gaily.  
If Dick kept rabbits or silk-worms, there was  
no greater happiness for Miss Vane than to  
accompany him to Covent Garden market  
in quest of cabbage or mulberry leaves. I  
do not mean that she ever deserted her  
father for the society of her friend; but there  
were times when Mr. Vane absented himself  
from his little girl; long days, in which the  
old man strolled about the streets of the  
West-end, on the look-out for the men he  
had known in his prosperity, with the hope  
of borrowing a pound or two, or a handful  
of loose silver, for the love of Auld Lang  
Syne; and longer nights, in which the old  
man disappeared from the Chelsea lodging  
for many dreary hours.

Then it was that Eleanor Vane was  
thrown into the companionship of the Sig-  
nora and her nephew. Then it was that she  
read Richard's books and periodicals, that  
she revelled in "Jack Sheppard," and  
gloried over "Wagner, the Wehr Wolf."  
Then it was that she played upon the young  
man's violin, and copied his pictures, and  
destroyed his water-colours, and gorged his  
rabbits and silk-worms, and loved and tor-  
mented, and admired him, after the manner  
of some beautiful younger sister, who had  
dropped from the clouds to be his com-  
panion.

This is how these two stood towards each  
other. They had not met for three years  
until to-night, and in the interim Miss Ele-  
nor Vane had grown from a hoyden of  
twelve into a tall, slender young damsel of  
fifteen.

"You were so altered, Miss Vane,"  
Richard said, as they walked along the  
boulevard, "that I can't help wondering  
how it was I knew you."

"And you're not altered a bit, Dick," an-  
swered the young lady, "but don't call me  
Miss Vane—it sounds as if you were laugh-  
ing at me. Call me Nell, as you used to do,  
at Chelsea. Do you know, Dick, I con-  
trived to go to Chelsea once last summer. It  
was against papa's wish, you know, that I  
should let them find out where I came from  
at Brixton; because, you see, Chelsea, or at  
least the King's Road, sounds vulgar, papa  
thought. Indeed, I believe he said he lived  
in Cadogan Place, when the Miss Bennetts  
asked him the question. He explained it to  
me afterwards, you know, poor dear; and it  
wasn't exactly a story, for he had lodged  
there for a fortnight once, just after his mar-  
riage with mamma, and when he was be-  
ginning to get poor. So I was obliged to  
manage so cleverly to get to Regent's Gar-  
dens, Dick, and when I did get there you  
were gone, and the Signora's rooms, were to  
let, and there was a nasty cross old woman  
in our lodgings, and the scarlet runners in  
the garden were so neglected, and I saw  
your rabbit-hutches, all broken and forgot-  
ten in the corner by the dust-hole, but the  
rabbits were gone. The dear old place  
seemed so changed, Dick, though Mr. and  
Mrs. Migon were very kind, and very  
pleased to see me, but they couldn't tell me  
where you and the Signora were living."

"No, we moved two or three times after  
leaving Regent's Gardens. You see we're  
obliged to study the pupils, Nell, rather than  
our own convenience. Chelsea was a long  
way from the Waterloo Phoenix, in spite of  
the short cuts; but wherever the Signora's  
pupils are thickest we're obliged to pitch  
our tents. They're thickest about Totten-

ham-court Road and Euston Square way  
now; so we're living in the Phoenix, Dud-  
ley Street."

"The Phoenix! That sounds quite grand,  
Dick."

"Yes, doesn't it? *Magnifique* at par cher.  
We're a chimney-sweep next door but one,  
and so end of mangies. The Phoenix would  
be very nice, if we'd two sides of the way,  
but unfortunately we haven't; the other  
side's stable. It isn't my prejudice make  
me object to that; but the grooms make  
such an abominable noise cleaning down  
their horses, and I wake every morning out  
of a dream in which it's Boxing-night, and  
my transformation comes in getting the  
goose."

The young man laughed cheerily, and  
guided his companion across the road to the  
other side of the boulevard. It was past ten  
o'clock when they reached the corner of the  
Rue l'Archeveque, and the butcher's shop  
was closed.

Eleanor knew that she had only to push  
open the little side door, and that she would  
find the key of her father's rooms in the cus-  
tody of the butcher's wife. She was very  
tired, almost ready to drop, poor girl, for  
she had walked a long way since alighting  
at the Palais Royal with her father; but she  
was almost sorry that she had reached her  
destination. The scene of her loneliness re-  
turned, now that she was to part with her  
old friend.

"Thank you very much for seeing me  
home, Dick," she said, shaking hands with  
the young scene-painter. "It was very self-  
ish of me to bring you so far out of your  
way."

"Selfish of you! Why, you don't sup-  
pose I'd let you prove about the streets by  
yourself, Nell?"

Eleanor's face flushed as her friend said  
this; there was a reproach to her father im-  
plied in the speech.

"It was my own fault that I was so late,"  
she said. "It was only just nine when papa  
left me; but I loitered a little, looking at  
the shops. I shall see you again, Dick, I hope.  
But of course I shall, for you'll come and  
see papa, won't you? How long do you stay  
in Paris?"

"About a week, I suppose. I've a week's  
leave of absence, and double salary, besides  
my expenses. They know the value of a  
clever man at the Phoenix, Miss Vane."

"And where are you staying, Dick?"

"At the Hotel des Deux Mondes, near the  
markets. I've an apartment in convenient  
proximity to the sky, if I want to study at-  
mospheric effects. And so you live here,  
Nell?"

"Yes, those are our windows."

Eleanor pointed to the open shades of the  
entresol; the stuffy-worsted curtains were  
drawn, but the windows were wide open.

"And you expect your papa home—"

"At eleven o'clock at the latest," she said.

Richard Thornton sighed. He remem-  
bered Mr. Vane's habits, and he remembered  
that the little girl in pinafore had been  
wont to keep abnormal hours in her long  
watches for her father's coming. He had  
often found her, on his return from the  
transatlantic theatre at one or two o'clock,  
with the door of the little sitting-room ajar,  
waiting patiently for the old man's coming.

"You won't sit up for your papa, Nell,"  
he said, as he shook hands with her.

"Oh, no, papa told me not to sit up."

"Good night, then. You look tired, Nell.  
I'll call to-morrow, and I'll take you to the  
theatre, if your papa will let you go, and  
you shall see 'Raccol l'Empoisonneur.' Such  
a scene, Nell, in the seventh act. The stage  
divided into eight compartments, with eight  
different actions going on simultaneously,  
and five murders before the fall of the cur-  
tain. It's a great place, and ought to make  
Spavin and Cromshaw's fortune."

"And yours, Dick."

"Oh, yes. Cromshaw will shake me by  
the hand in that delightful, gentlemanly  
manner of his; and Spavin—why Spavin  
will give me a five-pound note for my ad-  
aptation of 'Raccol l'Empoisonneur.' Such  
a scene, Nell, in the seventh act. The stage  
divided into eight compartments, with eight  
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divided into eight compartments, with eight  
different actions going on simultaneously,  
and five murders before the fall of the cur-  
tain. It's a great place, and ought to make  
Spavin and Cromshaw's fortune."

Eleanor Vane laughed heartily at her old  
friend's random talk, as she wished him  
good night. All the light-heartedness of  
her careless childhood seemed to return to  
her in Richard Thornton's society. Her

childhood had not been an unhappy one,  
remember; for in all her father's troubles,  
he had so contrived as to keep his head  
above water, somehow or other, and the in-  
fluence of his ever-magnificent spirit had kept  
Eleanor bright and hopeful under every  
temporary cloud in the domestic sky.

But the scene of her loneliness came back  
as she pushed open the door and entered the  
dark passage at the side of the shop. The  
butcher's wife came out at the sound of  
her footstep, and gave her the key, with  
some kindly word of greeting which Eleanor  
scarcely understood.

She could only say, "Bon soir, madame,"  
in her school-girl French, as she dragged  
herself slowly up the little winding stair,  
thoroughly worn out, physically and men-  
tally by this time.

The little entresol seemed terribly close  
and stifling. She drew back the curtains,  
and looked out through the open window,  
but even the street itself seemed oppressively  
hot in the moonless, airless August night.

Eleanor found half a wax candle in a flat  
china candlestick, and a box of matches, set  
ready for her. She lighted this candle, and  
then hung off her bonnet and mantle, be-  
fore she sat down near the window.

"I shall have a very short time to wait, if  
papa comes home at eleven o'clock," she  
thought.

Alas! she remembered in her old childish  
experiences, that he had never come home  
at the promised hour. How often, ah,  
how often, she had waited, counting the  
weary hours upon the church clock—  
there was one which chimed the quarters;  
and trembling sometimes at those strange  
sounds which break the night silence of  
every house. How often she had "hoped  
against hope," that he might, for this once,  
return at the time he had promised.

She took the candle in her hand and look-  
ed about for a book. She wanted to while  
away the dreary interval which she knew  
must elapse before her father's return. She  
found a novel of Paul Feval's, in a dirty and  
tattered cover, on the little marble-topped  
writing-table. The leaves were crumpled,  
and smeared with stains and splashes of  
grease, for it was Mr. Vane's habit to amuse  
himself with a work of fiction while he  
took his maternal roll and coffee. He had  
taken to novel reading in his frivolous old  
age, and was as fond of a sentimental story  
as any school-girl, as his daughter herself.

Miss Vane drew the lumbering little table  
to the open window, and sat down before  
it, with her candle close to her elbow, and  
the tattered book spread out before her. No  
breath of air flickered the flame of her  
candle, or ruffled the golden hair swept  
back from her brow.

The passers-by upon the opposite side of  
the street—they were few and far between  
by this time—looked up at the lighted win-  
dow, and saw a pretty picture by the glim-  
mer of that solitary candle. The picture of  
a girl, serene in her youth and innocence,  
bending over her book; her pale muslin  
dress and yellow hair faintly visible in the  
subdued light.

The rattle of wheels and the cries of  
coachmen sounded far off upon the Boule-  
vard, and in the Rue de Rivoli, and only  
made the silence more palpable in the Rue  
de l'Archeveque. Now and then a carriage  
came into that quiet corner, and Eleanor  
Vane looked up from her book, breathless,  
eager, expectant, fondly hoping that her fa-  
ther might have come back to her in some  
hired vehicle; but the solitary carriage al-  
ways rolled away, until the sound of its  
wheels mixed with the rattle of the distant  
wheels upon the Boulevards.

There were clocks in the distance that  
struck the quarters. How long those quar-  
ters seemed! Paul Feval was very interest-  
ing no doubt. There was an awful mystery  
in those greasy tattered pages; a ghastly  
mystery about two drowned young women,  
treacherously made away with, as it seemed,  
upon the shore of a dreary river overshadowed  
by willows. There were villains and rascals  
paramount throughout this deligh-  
tful romance; and there was mystery and  
murder enough for half a dozen novels. But  
Eleanor's thoughts wandered away from the  
page. The dreary river-bank, and the ghostly  
pollard-willows, the drowned young  
women, and the ubiquitous villain, all mingled  
themselves with her anxious thoughts  
about her father; and the trouble in the  
book seemed to become a part of the trouble  
in her own mind, adding its dismal weight  
to her anxieties.

There were pitiful engravings scattered  
here and there through the pages of Mon-  
sieur Feval's romance, and Eleanor fancied  
by-and-by that the villain in these pictures  
was like the sulky stranger who had follow-  
ed her father and the Frenchman away to-  
wards the Barriere St. Antoine.

She fancied this, although she had scarce-  
ly seen that silent stranger's face. He had  
kept it, as it seemed, purposely averted, and  
she had only caught one glimpse of the rest-  
less black eyes under the shadow of his hat,  
and the thick moustache that shrouded his  
mouth. There is always something mys-  
terious and unpleasant in the idea of any-  
thing that has been hidden from us, however  
trivial and insignificant that thing may be.  
Eleanor Vane, growing more and more ner-  
vous as the slow hours crept away, began to  
worry herself with the vivid recollection of  
that one brief glimpse in which she had  
seen the silent stranger's face.

"He cannot have a good countenance,"  
she thought, "or the recollection of it would

not make me so uncomfortable. How could  
he be so! I did not much like the French-  
man, but at least he was polite. The other  
man was very disagreeable. I hope he is  
not a friend of papa's." And then she re-  
turned to the drowned young women, and  
the water-side, and the willows; trying in  
vain to bury herself in the romance, and not  
to listen so eagerly for the striking of the  
quarters. Sometimes she thought, "Before  
I turn over to the next page, papa will be  
home," or, "Before I can finish this chapter  
I shall hear his step upon the stairs."

Breathless though the night was, there  
were many sounds that disturbed and watch-  
ed the anxious watcher. Sometimes the  
door below shook—as if by some mysterious  
agency, there being no wind—and Eleanor  
fancied that her father's hand was on the  
lock. Sometimes the stairs creaked, and  
she started from her chair, eager to run and  
relieve him, and firmly believing that he  
was climbing stealthily up to his apartment,  
anxious not to disturb the sleeper. She had  
known his cautious footstep sound exactly  
thus in her old days' midnight watches.

But all these sounds were only admirable  
deceptions. Quarter after quarter, each quar-  
ter longer than the last, hour after hour,  
struck from the clocks distant and near.  
The rattle of the wheels upon the Boule-  
vards had died gradually away, and at last  
had ceased altogether.

It was long past four, and Eleanor had  
pushed aside her book altogether. It was  
daylight—gray, cold morning, chill and dis-  
mal after the oppressive August night, and  
she stood now in the window watching the  
empty street.

But still the quarters chimed from the dis-  
tant clocks; those distant chimes had be-  
come terribly distinct now in the early  
morning stillness. But the silence was not  
long lived. The rumble of wagon wheels  
sounded far away in the Rue St. Honoré.  
The rush and clatter of a detachment of  
cavalry clashed upon the asphalt of the  
Place de la Concorde. The early sound of a  
horn called out some wretched recruits to  
perform their morning exercises in the court-  
yards of the Louvre. The cheerful voices of  
workpeople echoed in the streets, dogs were  
barking, birds singing, the yellow sun mount-  
ing in a cloudless heaven.

But there were no signs of the coming of  
George Vane with the morning sunlight,  
and as the day grew older and brighter, the  
anxious face of the pale watcher at the open  
window only grew paler and more anxious.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK BUILDING BY THE RIVER.

Richard Thornton was by no means an  
early riser. He was generally one of the  
last of those gentlemen who shuffled into  
the orchestra at the ten o'clock rehearsal of  
a new melodrama, in which all the effect  
of a murder or an abduction depended upon  
the pizzicato twittering of violins, and the  
introduction of explosive chords, at particu-  
lar crises in the action of the piece. Mr.  
Thornton was a sluggard, who complained  
most bitterly of the heartlessness of stage-  
managers and prompters' minions in the  
shape of unresting call-boys, who seemed to  
take a malicious delight in snatching curls  
of paper to the door-post of the Phoenix,  
terrible mandates, wherein the Pull Band  
was called at ten; "no ten minutes;" the  
meaning of this last mysterious clause being  
that the ten minutes' grace which is usually  
accorded to the tardy performer shall on  
this occasion be cut off and done away  
with.

But Richard was out for a holiday now.  
The eyes of Messrs. Spavin and Cromshaw  
would fain have followed him in his Parisian  
wanderings, to see that he did double work  
for his double wages; but the proprietors of  
the Royal Waterloo Phoenix had being blest  
with the gift of clairvoyance, Mr. Thornton  
defied and snapped his fingers at them, se-  
cure in the consciousness of his own value.

"If J. T. Jumballe, the author of all the  
original dramas they've done at the Phoenix  
for the last ten years, understood French,  
he'd do 'Raccol l'Empoisonneur'

that Mr. Thornton slept in his ordinary costume, but of course this was a cruel slander. To walk eight or nine miles a day to and fro between the place of your abode and the scene of your occupation, for a large theatre in which new pieces are brought out pretty frequently; to play scolded fiddle, and attend early rehearsals upon cold mornings; to jot down the music in a melodrama, or accompany Mr. Grigby in his new comic song, or Madame Roubini in her latest catches, and to adapt a French drama, now and then, by way of adding a few extra pounds to your income, is not exactly to lead an idle life; so perhaps poor Richard Thornton may be forgiven if his friends had occasion to laugh at his indifference upon the subject of soap and water. They even went so far as to call him "Dirty Dick," in their more frolicsome moments; but I don't think the obnoxious sobriquet wounded Richard's feelings. Everybody liked him and respected him as a generous-hearted, genial-tempered, honorable-minded fellow, who would scarcely have told a lie to save his life, and who scorned to drink a pint of beer that he couldn't pay for, or to accept a favor which he didn't mean to return.

People at the Phoenix knew that Richard Thornton's father had been a gentleman, and that the young man had a certain pride of his own. He was the only man in the theatre who neither abused nor flattered his employees. The carpenters and gauds touched their caps when they talked to him, though he was shabbier than any of those employees; the little ballet girls were fond of him, and came to tell him their troubles when the cruel stage-manager had put their names down in a horrible book which was to be seen on the treasury table every Saturday morning. The old cleaners of the theatre told Mr. Thornton about their rheumatic knee-joints, and came to him for sympathy after dreary hours of scouring. He had patience with and compassion for every one. People knew that he was kind and tender-hearted, for his pencil initials always appeared in some obscure corner of every subscription list against a sum which was bulky when taken in relation to the amount of his salary. People knew that he was brave, for he had once threatened to fling Mr. Spavin into the pit, when that gentleman had made some insinuations impeaching Richard's honor as to the unfair use of gold-leaf in the Enchanted Caves of Azore Deep. They knew that he was dutiful, and kind, and true to the old music-mistress with whom he lived, and whom he helped to support. They knew that when other men made light of sacred things, and were witty and philosophical upon very solemn subjects, Richard Thornton would leave the assembly gravely and quietly, how eloquent or lively never he might have been before. People knew all this, and were respectful to the young scene-painter, in spite of the rainbow smears of paint upon his shabby coat, and the occasional fringe of mud upon the frayed edges of his trousers.

Upon this August morning, Mr. Thornton made very short work of his toilet. "I won't go out to breakfast," he thought, "though I can get two courses and a dessert in the Palais Royal, to say nothing of half a bottle of some claret, for fifteen pence. I'll get some coffee and rolls, and go to work at some of the scenes for 'Roual'."

He rang a bell near his bed, pushed a table to the window which looked out into the quadrangle of the hotel, and sat down with a battered tin-box of water colors and a few squares of Bristol board before him. He had to ring several times before one of the waiters condescended to answer his summons, but he worked away cheerily, smoking as he worked, at a careful water-colored copy of a rough pencil sketch which he had made a couple of nights before in the pit of the theatre.

He didn't leave off to eat his breakfast when it came, by-and-by, but buttered his rolls and drank his coffee in the pauses of his work, only laying down his brush for a minute or so at a time. The scene was a street in old Paris, the houses very dark and brown, with over-hanging latticed windows, exterior staircases, practicable bridges, and all sorts of devices which called for the employment of a great deal of alive and paste-board in Richard's model. This scene was only one out of eight, and the young scene-painter wanted to take perfect models of all the eight scenes back to the Phoenix. He had M. Michel Levy's sixty costumes edition of the new play spread open before him, and referred to it now and again as he painted.

"Humph! Enter Roubini down staircase in flat. Roubini's a deserter, and the house with the staircase is his. The house at the corner belongs to Godefruch, the comic barber, and the practicable lattice is Madeline's. She'll come to her window by-and-by to talk to the doctor, when she thinks a very excellent man; though he's been giving her mild doses of *opium infans* for the last three weeks. Catherine as Madeline comes over the practicable bridge, presently, disguised as a nun. I wonder how many melodramas poor Catherine has appeared in since she left this mortal stage. Did she ever do anything except poison people, I wonder, while she was alive? See never does at the Phoenix. I must sketch the costumes, by-and-by. Roubini in black velvet and scarlet tights, a pointed beard, straight eyebrows,

short black hair, austere and dignified. Catherine will do Roubini, of course, and Spavin will play the light-comedy soldier who gets drunk, and tears off Catherine's velvet mask in the last scene. Yes, that'll be a great scene on our side of the water. Charles the Ninth—he's a muff, so anybody can play him—has just finished reading the antiquated edition of a treatise on hawking, closes the last page of the book, feels the first spasm. Catherine, disguised as a nun, has been followed by Spavin—by the comely soldier, I mean—to the Louvre, after a conversation having been overheard between her and Roubini. The King, in the agonies of spasmodic affection, asks who has murdered him. "That woman—that sorceress—that fiend in human form!" cries the soldier, snatching the mask from Catherine's face. "Merciful Heaven, it is my mother!" shrieks the King, falling dead with a final spasm. That "it is my mother" ought to be good for three rounds of applause, at least. I dare say Spavin will have the speech transferred from the King's part to his own. "Merciful Heaven, it is *his* mother!" would do just as well."

Poor Richard Thornton, not having risen very early, worked on till past five o'clock in the afternoon before his model was finished. He got up with a sigh of relief when the past-board presentation of the old Parisian street stood out upon the little table, square and perfect.

He filled his pipe, and walked up and down before the table, smoking and admiring his work in an innocent rapture. "Poor Nelly," he thought presently. "I promised I would call in the Rue l'Archeveque to-day, to pay my respects to the old chap. Not that he'd particularly care to see me, I dare say; but Nell is such a darling. If she asked me to stand on my head, and do poor old Goffie's goose-fly business, I think I should try and do it. However, it is too late to call upon Mr. Vandeulor Vane to-day, so I must put that off till to-morrow. I must drop in again at half-past six in the evening, to have another look at the scene in eight compartments. That'll be rather a poser for the machinist at the Phoenix, I flatter myself. Yes, I must have one more look at it, and—Ah! by-the-by, there's the Morgue!"

Mr. Thornton finished his pipe, and rubbed his chin with a reflective air. "Yes, I must have a look at the Morgue before I go," he thought; "I promised that old nuisance J. T. Jumballs that I'd refresh my memory about the Morgue. He's doing a great drama in which one half of the dramatic persons recognize the other half dead on the marble slabs. He's never been across the Channel, and I think his notions of the Morgue are somewhat foggy. He fancies it's about as big as Westminster Abbey, I know, and he wants the governors to give him the whole depth of the stage for his great scene, and set it obliquely, like the Assyrian hall, in 'Bardianapolis,' so as to give the idea of illimitable extent. I'm to paint the scene for him. 'The interior of the Morgue by lamplight. The meeting of the living and the dead.' That'll be rather a strong line for the bill, at any rate. I'll go and have some dinner in the Palais Royal, and then go down and have a look at the gloomy place. An exterior wouldn't be bad, with Notre Dame in the distance, but an interior—Bah! J. T. J. is a clever fellow, but I wish his genius didn't lie so much in the channel house."

He put on his hat, left his room, locked the door, and ran down the polished staircase whistling merrily as he went. He was glad to be released from his work, pleased at the prospect of a few hours' idleness in the foreign city. Many people, inhabitants and visitors, thought Paris dull, dreary, and deserted in this hot August weather, but it was a delightful change from the "Plasters and the primeral solitudes of Northumberland Squares, that quaint, grim, quadrangle of big houses, whose prim middle-class inhabitants looked coldly over their smart wire window-blinds at poor Richard's shabby coat."

Mr. Thornton got an excellent dinner at a great bustling restaurant in the Palais Royal, where for two francs one might dine upon all the delicacies of the season, in a splendid saloon, enlivened by the martial braying of a brass band in the garden below. The *carte du jour* almost bewildered Richard by its extent and grandeur, and he chose haphazard from the catalogue of soups which the obliging waiter gabbled over for his instruction. He read all the pleasing by-laws touching the non-division of diners, and the admissibility of exchanges in the way of a dish for a dessert, or a dessert for a dish, by payment of a few extra centimes. He saw that almost all the diners had themselves behind great wedges of orange-colored melon at an early stage of the banquet, and generally wound up with a small white washing basin of lobster salad, the preparation of which was a matter of slow and solemn care and thought. He ordered his dinner in humble imitation of these accomplished holders, and got very good value for his two francs, and then paid his money, bowed to the graceful lady who sat in splendid attire in a very bowler of salads and deserts, and went down a broad staircase that led into a street behind the Palais Royal, and thence to the Rue Richelieu.

He treated himself to a cup of coffee and a cigar at a cafe in the place de la Bourse, and then strolled slowly away towards the Seine, smoking, and dawdling to look at this

and that as he walked along. It was nearly eight o'clock therefore when he emerged, from some narrow street, upon the quay, and made his way towards that bridge beneath whose shadow the Morgue hides, like some foul and unhalloved thing. He did not much like the task which Mr. Jumballs had imposed upon him, but he was too good-natured to refuse compliance with the transpontine dramatist's desire, and far too conscientious to break a promise once made, however disagreeable the performance of that promise might prove.

He walked on resolutely, therefore, towards the black, shed-like building. "I hope there are no bodies there to-night," he thought. "One glance round the place will show me all I want to see. I hope there are no poor dead creatures there to-night."

He stopped before going in and looked at a couple of women who were standing near, chattering together with no little gesticulation.

He asked one of these women the question. Where were any bodies in the Morgue? Yes—the women both answered with one voice. There had not long been brought the body of a gentleman, an officer it was thought, poisoned in a gaming house. A murder, perhaps, or a suicide; no one knew which.

Richard Thornton shrugged his shoulders as he turned away from the idle gossip. "Some people would call me a coward if they knew how I dislike going into this place," he thought.

He threw away his cigar, took off his hat, and slowly crossed the dark threshold of the Parisian dead-house.

When he came out again, which was not until after the lapse of at least a quarter of an hour, his face was almost as white as the face of the corpse he had left within. He went upon the bridge, scarcely knowing where he went, and walking like a man who walks in his sleep.

Not more than half a dozen yards from the Morgue he came suddenly upon the lonely figure of a girl, whose arm rested on the parapet of the bridge, and whose pale face was turned towards the towers of Notre Dame.

She looked up as he approached, and called him by his name.

"You here, Eleanor," he cried. "Come away, child; come away, for pity's sake!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**NEWS ITEMS.**  
It is remarkable, though perhaps nothing strange, that the daughters as well as the sons of soldiers should become soldiers by marrying with the profession,—as naturally they must be thrown more into that kind of society than any other. General Sumner's family, however, is a somewhat marked instance. He had two sons, E. V. Sumner, Major on General Stoneman's staff, and Samuel, Captain on the staff of his father; and four daughters, one of whom married a civilian and became Mrs. Jenkens, the other three becoming Mrs. Colonel Theall, Mrs. Colonel Long and Mrs. Colonel McLean. In such a family, all interested in the army service, what anxieties war must produce.

The number of widows' pensions applied for this far during the present war, is about 15,000; and the number of invalid pensions during the same period, 9,000.

The New York belles in "high circles" have adopted a fashion, when in full dress, of wearing pointed gold on their hair. One young woman is said to have recently sported \$150 worth of the surferous deposit on her head. In order to vie with this extravagance, the secess ladies will have to cover their tresses with wheat flour, which, if report is to be believed, is about as scarce and precious as gold dust in Dixie.

They have a funny custom in South Hampton, one of the lower towns in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, which had in old illustration the other day. They never elect any except men born in the town to the legislature. At the late election a gentleman, every way worthy the confidence of his townsmen, and who had been, from boyhood, an inhabitant of the place, was accidentally placed upon the ticket at the late election, but soon the fact was discovered that he was not town-born, and word was conveyed from mouth to mouth. "It won't do to send him to the legislature; he was not born in 8 uth Hampton." A new name was substituted, and the public displeasure appeased.

Who have the good fortune to be removed from the theatre of war, know little of the sufferings of those in its immediate vicinity. Families that a few months since were wealthy residents of Fredericksburg are now living in negro cabins, dependent upon an uncertain charity for daily bread.

The California flood of January, 1862, was the highest known in the state for centuries. This is proved by the fact that inundations of great depth, bearing unmistakable evidence of great antiquity in the large oaks growing upon them, were almost entirely carried away, trees and all.

MR. SAMUEL KNABE, eldest son of Mr. John Knabe, of Alexandria, recently returned home unexpectedly from Lima, Peru, in South America, after an absence of 37 years. For the last 17 years no intelligence whatever had been received from him, and his parents and friends had settled down in the belief that he was dead. He returned to this country as Secretary of Legation from the Peruvian government.

ERASTUS CORNING probably carries on his shoulders as many varied responsibilities as any man in the nation. He is member of Congress, president of the New York Central and director of the Hudson River Railroad, president of the Albany Pier Co., manager of a bank, head of a hardware house, owner of a large rolling mill, a skillful farmer, and Regent of the State University.

At Louisville last week a hoghead of the new-crop tobacco was sold at the extraordinary price of one hundred and eighty dollars per hundred pounds, the highest bringing \$1,804.80.

## PROF. AGASSIZ'S RECENT ARTICLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*Nears Editors:*—The progress of knowledge is onward, and every advance adds strength to reach forward to things unknown, and to look back on errors that have grown up in its path. Many things that were once disowned, are now received as facts; and many that are now received as truths, will in their turn be disowned. I read in your paper an article credited to the "Atlantic Monthly," from the pen of Professor Agassiz. You will pardon me for throwing off a little restraint in reviewing an article that presents so many fallacies to your readers. Mr. Agassiz is a disciple of the Plutonic school, and has faith in the igneous theory of the formation of the earth; and has presented several columns to instruct the public in his theory. I propose to examine the evidence he has produced in its favor, together with the evidence that exists against it, and give it to the public as jurors in the case.

The professor introduces our earth thus: "Astronomy shows us our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part to move henceforth in an independent orbit of its own. That orbit, it tells us, passed through celestial space cold enough to chill this heated globe, and of course to consolidate it externally." He proceeds: "I have said that there was a time when no atmosphere surrounded the earth; but one of the first results of the cooling of the crust must have been the forming of an atmosphere."

How is this? cooling the crust creates an atmosphere? The simple fact of caloric leaving a heated substance, creates oxygen and nitrogen gases? Then follows, "The phenomena connected with it, the raising of vapor." The raising of aqueous vapor from a ladle of melted iron would be novel, but much more so its raising from a mass at "a heat more intense than can be produced by any artificial means," and this in quantity sufficient to "form clouds, the falling of rain, the gathering of water upon its surface," to an unknown depth over the whole earth.

Mr. A. has arrived at the conclusion that the ridge of land along the Canada line to the valley of the Mississippi, is the first that raised above the ocean, as there is no trace of organic remains or evidence that animal life existed in the deposits at its base. Researches among things as they are, add treasures to our stock of knowledge, and exhibit the progressive condition of the earth and its inhabitation; and my every pulse beats in unison with him in these researches; but magnificent chimeras gaining the appellation of science do not alter the facts in the case.

Mr. Agassiz says: "The earth we tread is but a thin crust floating on a liquid sea of fire." Are we running over a lake of fire, like skaters over a lake of water, with no other warmth than we receive from the sun's rays? Is this sustained by known laws? If a heated body is brought in contact with a cold body, the heat passes to the colder body, (this every child knows that burns his fingers.) The heat continues to flow to the cold body until they are both at the same temperature; heat is never at rest any more than gravity, and its laws are as unchangeable. The cold crust of the earth is represented in contact with the "liquid sea of fire." What has become of this law? He may say the earth is a slow conductor of heat; be it so, but it has had an immense lapse of time to flow from the hot sea to the crust. But water is not a very slow conductor of heat, and the earth must be filled with water as low down as there is any deficiency of solidity. Below water all must be solid, and a solid substance must be a tolerable conductor of heat. If water were not a ready conductor of heat, there would be much inconvenience with steam boilers. Fill a gun-barrel with water and close it tight; place one end in a fire and the other its length from it, all its parts will keep at the same temperature, and the end remote from the fire will become red-hot at the same time that the end in the fire grows red-hot. This every thorough experimenter knows. If the earth were at this moment in the condition represented, the time would be short before the ocean would be boiling, and the water driven from the earth, and its whole surface red-hot. Mr. A. is in error if he thinks heat can be confined in this manner; it cannot be bartered up and kept like beer.

Among the evidences produced in support of the igneous theory, are the cooling of the liquid mass into granite, or massive rocks, "which are now the very bone and sinew of our mother earth;" the volcanic eruptions; the hot springs; and the increasing temperature as we descend into the earth. He says: "If we need more positive evidence, we have it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony to the molten ocean seething within the globe and forcing its way out from time to time." I will dissect this, and show the weight of its evidence.

Does the lava which is thrown out from volcanoes on cooling become granite, "the very bone and sinew of our mother earth"? Does it become porphyry, or basalt? or any natural rock of the earth? Is the lava from all volcanoes chemically the same, as it

would be if it all came from the same source? Let Professor Agassiz answer these questions. The cause of volcanic fire is unknown; but it is evident that they are of no great depth, from the limited distance they effect the earth in their vicinity. Earthquakes and all preternatural convulsions evidently have the same origin. Geysers or hot springs are probably a weaker effect of the same cause. What more reliable cause can we look to than electricity for these phenomena? Chemistry and art, with a few yards of metallic surface laid in strata, form an electric battery capable of fusing a rod of iron, or furnishing caloric for a hot spring. The electric battery is not confined to metallic surfaces, but to any substance that has the required relative affinity for electricity, as ores, minerals, and fossils, or wood, leather, or the fleshy substance of the electric eel. The heat from a battery does not depend on combustion, and is as readily produced in the earth as on its surface. Stratified is a natural formation in the earth, and electric batteries may be formed in the earth by strata of metallic ores and other minerals of sufficient magnitude to produce all the preternatural phenomena that is exhibited. Researches in this direction are infinitely more rational than the igneous theory.

The cause of the increasing temperature as we descend into the earth is explainable as follows:—The equatorial part of the earth, comprising two-fifths of its surface, and more than three-fifths of its mass, is surrounded by a belt of heated surface. The mean temperature of the atmosphere at the equator is 87 degrees; decreasing to 78 degrees in latitude 23; and the surface of the earth exposed to the sun's rays becomes daily heated to 150 degrees in latitude 23, and in the equatorial part of Africa to 185 degrees. This may have been its condition through all time, and the great lateral mass of the earth is at the mean temperature of its various surface heats. The polar hemispheres are less heated by the sun's rays, and the cold increases as we recede from the equator. Now if we penetrate the earth in the cold region, we meet the heat from the equator travelling by conduction to the cooler parts of the earth. The deeper we descend, the nearer we approach to the heated mass, and the heat increases. Common reasoning would lead us to this conclusion if it had not been observed.

I fear I have not explained this to the capacity of every mind. I will try again. I will take a ball of chalk or plaster two feet in diameter, and suspend it like a school globe, to turn on its axis like the earth; place it in an atmosphere at the temperature of zero. Then place a lamp or other means of heating its equator to the temperature of the earth's equator. Let it revolve until the maximum temperature has spread to all its parts. It is now ready to examine: I will bore in from the pole, the temperature is at zero, but increases at every inch that is penetrated in the direction of the centre. I will bore again at lat. 45, or mid way between the equator and pole; here I begin to bore in a warmer place, but the heat increases at every inch though not at the same rate, until it arrives at the same temperature in the centre. Bore again at latitude 20, here I begin with more heat, or near the mean temperature, and the heat is near the same temperature at every inch to the centre. Bore again at the equator, here I begin at a heat above the mean temperature, and every inch I descend into the ball the heat decreases. This is precisely the condition of the earth. This fully explains the phenomenon of increasing temperature as we descend into the earth, and experimentally proves it.

Mr. A. sweeps over things without noticing cause and effect, or attempting to prove or explain the positions he assumes. This is characteristic of his school, as his theories will not bear to be tried by natural laws. He says, "The first effect of cooling our planet must have been to solidify it, and thus to form a solid crust over it. The crust would shrink as the cooling process went on; in consequence of the shrinking, wrinkles and folds would arise upon it." This may be so with his crust, but all natural things when shrinking draw their tension more tight.

He says "The effect of heat upon clay is to bake it into slate." Again he says, "Whenever these liquid masses melted by a heat more intense than can be produced by any artificial means have flowed over them, or cooled in immediate contact with them, the clay will be changed into slate." Does the experience of our potters bear out this fact? Do our brick makers, with every grade of heat, from the vitrified bricks of the arch, to the half-burned bricks of the outside, ever discover it?

He says: "All substances when heated occupy more space than they do when cold; water which expands when freezing is the only exception to this rule." Mr. A. is in error; all substances that are unchanged by fusion and solidification, are under the same law; and all solids float on the liquid like ice on water. The cook knows when melting her fat, that the solid floats on the liquid; the Chandler knows that the solid floats on the liquid when he is melting his wax or tallow; the school-boy with his ladle of melted lead knows that the solid floats on the liquid; and the founder knows that all metals occupy less space when in a state of fusion, and that the solid float on the liquid like ice on water. Even the igneous theory admits

this, for the cold crust, if any, floats upon the fluid molten mass of the earth.  
Professor Agassiz says: "Astronomy shows us our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part, a globe of liquid fire." A globe of liquid fire, covered with an unbroken ocean of water! What a magnificent chimera. His age of America: "First born among the continents," "hers was the first dry land lifted out of the water." All mountains and mountain chains have been upheaved by great convulsions of the globe. It appears to the unscientific, that upheaving mountains floating on a liquid, would be attended with difficulty for want of foothold. Perhaps Mr. A. will relieve our minds by explaining the operation on a lake with a thin crust of ice. Instead of the mountains being "upheaved by great convulsions of the globe," is it not more rational to imagine that the mountains have been rising for an indefinite length of time, and that they rise as much to-day as any other day since they commenced to rise, and that the rocks grow from beneath, and wear away from the supposed surface by the dilapidations of time? Granite, the unstratified rock, the product of cooling our liquid planet as it was thrown off from the great central mass; does it contain all the elements of every earthly thing? This should be the first study of the Plutonic school. Chemistry gives us no such results. Tell us what has become of the law of conduction between the cold crust of the earth, and the hot mass. The whole theory, it seems to me, is at variance with nature; and shrinks from all close inspection, and comparison with the known laws of nature.

Respectfully,  
Newark, New Jersey.

SETH BOYDEN.  
A corporation in Boston recently paid a dividend of 50 per cent. An elderly gentleman, as he took his check for a thousand dollars, did not appear to be satisfied, and the clerk ventured to remark that the dividend was a large one. The veteran looked at the young man over his spectacles, and said, with a grunt—"It will do, if they only keep it up."

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1863. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warm them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
Author of "THE EARLY YEARS," "THE LYNN," "THE CHANNING," &c.

MARION HARLAND,  
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,  
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT and HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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## SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

## Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

A discharged soldier applying for "special relief," came into the office of the W. P. B. a few days since. He had lost the use of his left arm, and looked altogether in a very forlorn and helpless condition. He had been discharged in Washington, where he had left his pension claim in the hands of an agent, being ignorant of the provision made by the Sanitary Commission for such cases. He seemed a little sullen in making his application, remarking that he had been sent from one point to another, without receiving assistance from any. "At one place," he said, "I was told that if I were from New England they would help me; but when I enlisted, I enlisted to fight for all the States, and not for any one portion of them; and I do not see why I am not as deserving of help because I came from old England and enlisted in New York, as I would have been if I had come from New England and enlisted in Massachusetts."

This circumstance brought to mind some remarks which Dr. Bellows made, in his address upon the Sanitary Commission, at the Academy of Music a few weeks since, about associations for the relief of particular States and designated regiments. I do not think that they were appreciated at the time; for we had all been so busily at work in this city, in the various Ladies' Aid Societies, upon the same broad Federal principle which guides the Commission, that we were not aware to what an extent these Associations had spread through our own State, as well as through New England and New York. But upon inquiring into the subject, we find that enough cannot be said against this mischievous way of working. The amount of supplies lost or lying in Washington undistributed, exceeds that which the Sanitary Commission has distributed. Think of that fact in connection with the following statement of the Executive Committee:

"Although this Commission is daily relieving a fearful amount of suffering, and saving many lives, it is now and long has been obliged to witness a far greater amount of suffering and of death, which it has never had the means to relieve. What it has done, is but little compared with what it could do, had its resources been at all adequate to its work." But, as Dr. Hooper says, "People desire to help their own—every city or county or State its own regiments—every mother her own son. It is natural; but such discriminations are not always possible. Stores of good things may be sent to a regiment for its hospital, and the receipt of them may be acknowledged, and the donors rejoice in their charity, but the next day that regiment may march in an hour's notice, and be compelled to leave and lose all but bare necessities. Onondaga county sent stores of good things to their regiments, and once a sudden order came to march and their good things were left behind; and again, what they had was burned, so that it should not fall into the hands of the enemy." "To the knowledge of the Commission, many hundreds of such presents are now piled uselessly in storehouses and yards, and upon old camp-grounds; while thousands have probably been destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It is best that Government should be left to feed and clothe the well men; but for the sick and wounded we cannot do too much." At one time, the people of New England sent more than 150 tons of hospital stores to Washington, consigned to the care of a very high officer of Government. The excellent lady to whom he entrusted their distribution, sent an order to each Surgeon in charge of a hospital in or near Washington, for so many boxes of hospital stores. "One of them showed me his order," writes a member of the Commission, and told me he really did not want three stores. Miss D— says that the Hospital Stewards and nurses are having good time scrambling for the plunder. It is a great pity that the bounty of the people should be thus wasted, when it might be made so much more useful, if dispensed through the comprehensive organization of the Sanitary Commission. State Associations are another source of extravagant waste and loss. The army would do better without them. What it wants is a great National organization that knows nothing of State lines, and seeks only to aid and support our soldiers, without inquiring whether they were mustered into the National service in Maine or in Minnesota."

In the Report of the Executive Committee of the New England Women's Auxiliary, the question, "Why can the Commission do this work for our sick and wounded soldiers better than any state or local agency?" is thus ably answered:

"Because it is an 'arm of Government,' and therefore works for the whole country. And because Government has granted it facilities that could not be given to any narrower agency. The most pressing need of the men is, of course, felt directly after a battle. Then, a father's weight may turn the balance for life or death. Here, on the bloody field, before the roar of the artillery has ceased, stand the agents of the Commission, with, may we say, an exhaustless supply of the means of saving life, and relieving suffering? Ah! that word 'exhaustless,' depends on you and me, and each loyal non-combatant in our land. But there they

stand, ready to relieve all the suffering—if we have furnished the means for all—knowing no difference between Maine men and Iowa, for are they not equally fighting for a common cause, and entitled to share equally in a common relief? Which man shall come first under their care? Thank God! they say 'those suffering most; those whom one-half hour of delay will send out of the reach of human care and sympathy forever.' Is there a mother, a wife, a sister, a loving woman in our land, who will not bless the Sanitary Commission for this human view? Or would each one who has given her dearest to her country, prefer to trust him in that hour of peril, to her state's agent, who might go about, losing golden moments, in searching here and there for men, when, in a time of peace, gladly brought their identity within the limits of a state boundary, but who, at their country's call, eagerly merged all state boundaries in one holy one—Liberty and Union. But this is not the extent of the inadequacy of any sectional aid. It cannot be had on the battlefield, even for its own exclusive objects of care. The Commission keeps up a regular communication with the generals in command, who call upon it to establish its depots of supply near each advancing division; and as the base of operations changes from time to time, the commissioners are notified to change their place, keeping always as near the front as possible. And again, Government has, as we have said, afforded to the Commission every possible facility for transportation, which is so difficult in the confusion inseparable from a great battle. It is obvious that no limited agency could share these inestimable advantages. Thus practically, as well as by authority of Government, this work rests with the Sanitary Commission, and must be left unto it. So all questions resolved in one, which it is our duty to deeply ponder, and faithfully to answer. Shall the Commission be enabled to do the work thoroughly? Consider, for a moment, that it cannot 'levy taxes,' that it has no 'revenue' of any sort or kind, but what is furnished by the volunteer contributions of the North, and can we escape the conviction that we, personally and collectively, are charged with a terrible responsibility; that the saving of many lives rests with us; that the relief of millions hangs in our hands? Friends, fellow-workers, the time for considering this work as something we may choose or refuse to do, is ended at the moment when we accepted the work as a life-long reality. At that moment, our share of the trial ceased to be anything but a solemn duty, no less solemn, indeed, than the duty of fighting to vindicate those sacred rights, for which we can only work and pray. The quick current bears us on, yet not too fast to allow us time to realize what we ought to do, and to do it. The Sanitary Commission asks our hearty cooperation; it gives reasons for its plea. Let us weigh those reasons carefully, and in the spirit of self-forgetfulness; remembering how grave is the subject with which we have to deal."

## TO FARMERS.

As the season for planting has arrived, we would call the attention of farmers to the fact that our army has suffered greatly during the past winter from want of fresh vegetables, such as onions and cabbage, particularly the former. By planting a few extra rows, and sending the products to us in the fall, they will give us a welcome contribution, and insure a sufficient supply. Tomatoes are solicited; which we can have canned and sent where most needed.

**JERSEY TOBACCO.**—The cultivation of tobacco is receiving no little attention from the farmers residing in Camden. One individual last year raised on thirteen acres of ground over 13,000 pounds of the weed, and has the promise of twice that yield, the present season, on the same ground. In this climate the time for sowing the seed is from the first to the middle of April, the plants generally appearing about the first of May, and being ready for transplanting from the 10th to the 15th of June. One tablespoonful of seed will produce plants enough for an acre of tobacco, but usually two or three times the quantity is sown, as the plants sometimes fail. One acre of tobacco, set three feet by two-and-a-half distant, will contain 6,000 plants; and the quantity of tobacco that may be raised per acre varies from 1,000 pounds to one ton per acre—an average crop, where it is properly treated, being 1,500 pounds to the acre in Connecticut. There is considerable land in our adjoining counties, and on the outskirts of the city, where this valuable product might be grown with success.

As a bad old age is death without death's quiet.

## ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REG. VT. VOLUNTEERS, Camp Griffin, Va.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son: We, the undersigned, officers of the Fifth Regiment Vermont Volunteers, beg leave to inform you of the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer, and particularly recommend it to the special use of the Army, as being an excellent remedy for the many diseases incident to camp life, and a Southern climate. It is to the soldier what the sun is to vegetation, to nurture and restore vigor to the weak and sickly. As the result of its use in our regiment the surgeon's labors have been reduced one-half.

It has been used quite successfully for sudden colds, coughs, neuralgia, indigestion, cramps in the stomach, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera morbus, sprains and bruises, and in fact all diseases to which the soldier is exposed.

Very truly yours,

Capt. BENJ. R. JENNE, Company G, and is other Line Officers.

## PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 125 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 12½ cts. per lb. 80 cwt. brought from \$18 to \$20 per head. 2000 Sheep were sold at from \$15 to \$16 per head. Hogs at from \$6.50 to 9 cts. per lb.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 112 Nassau St., N. Y. SINGMASTER, 107 Broadway, N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, 107 Broadway, N. Y. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston. JOHN P. FULT, 100 Nassau St., N. Y. GEO. N. LEWIS, 25 West 34th St., Cincinnati. J. GUNTER, No. 59 Third St., Louisville, Ky. JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill. McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Ill. JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

**WHEAT AND MEAL.**—The receipts of all kinds of Flour continue very light, sales of only some 5000 bbls to note in small lots, mostly taken for shipment, at 60c to 65c for common and good superfine, 65c to 70c for extra, 70c to 75c for family, and 75c to 80c for fancy. Western and Pennsylvania extra family, and 80c to 85c for fancy Ohio. The bulk of the sales were of good extra family at 75c to 80c, including about 1000 bbls, part City Mills extra, on terms kept private. The demand for the flour has been rather more active within the above range of prices, and high grade brands at 80c to 85c bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and about 400 bbls sold at 47c to 50c bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is held in 30c bbl for, and Country Meal is scarce; 300 bbls sold at 42c; Bran Meal is held at 30c bbl, and dull.

**GRAIN** comes in slowly, and only about 25,000 bu Western and Pennsylvania wheat have been taken for milling at 100c to 110c for good and choice lots, the latter for amber, and from 110c to 120c for white, including some prime Kentucky at the highest figure. Rye is scarce, and about 1000 bu sold at 30c to 35c bbl, and 1000 bu sold at 10c to 11c bbl. Corn is better, and most of the offerings some 55,000 bu yellow, found buyers at 30c to 35c, and white at 35c to 40c. Oats are also better, and 50,000 bu Pennsylvania sold at 15c to 16c, and 1000 bu sold at 15c to 16c. Hay is scarce, and 1000 bales sold at 10c to 11c. Provisions—There is very little demand for any kind, and the market is inactive. Mess Pork selling in lots as wanted, at 15c to 16c bbl, but for Western and city packed. Of Beef we note a sale of 100 bbls of Mess at 12c to 13c, city is worth 14c to 15c bbl; 1000 lbs sold on terms kept private. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to hams, at 10c to 11c for plain, and 11c to 12c for fancy; 400 lbs sold at 10c to 11c, and 1000 lbs sold at 10c to 11c. Lard is dull, and prime tallow is held at 11c. Irregular packages are worth 10c to 11c, and 1000 lbs sold at 10c to 11c. Butter and Cheese are quiet, we quote the former at 20c for roll, and the latter at 13c to 14c per lb. Eggs are steady at 15c per doz.

**COTTON.**—The market has ruled very inactive during the entire week, and the sales limited at 60c to 65c, part South American. **SUGAR.**—There is rather more doing, without change in quotations. **BARK** comes in slowly, and further sales of about 700 lbs Quercitron are reported at 30c for lot No. 1, at which rate it is steady. Of Tanbark's sales are reported at 15c to 16c for Spanish Oak. **BEESWAX** continues in request at 40c to 45c per lb. **COAL.**—Orders come in freely. Cargo prices range at 30c to 35c per ton on board at Richmond. **COFFEE.**—The receipts and stocks are very light, with sales of some 500 bags at 20c to 25c for Rio, cash and 4 mos. **COFFEY.**—There is nothing doing in Shreveport. Of Yellow Meal prices are steady at 35c for Sheet, on time. **FEATHERS** are unchanged, with a small business to note at 45c to 50c per lb for Western. **FRUIT.**—The sales are rather light for the present. Peaches, the latter for prime bright halves, and 40c to 45c for Apples. Green Apples are scarce and high. **HAY** continues scarce and high, and good Timothy is worth 15c to 16c per ton. **HEMP.**—There is little or no stock here, the market is dull and unsettled. **HOPS** move off slowly, and prices range at 25c to 30c for Eastern and Western. **IRON.**—The market is very inactive. There is some little inquiry for Pig Metal at 30c to 35c for Foundry, and 35c to 40c for Forge, cash and 4 mos. Scotch Pig is quiet and nominal at 35c to 40c per ton. Of Manufactured iron the sales are moderate and prices firm. **LEAD** is untraded and lower, and a sale of 2000 pigs Galena is reported at a private bargain. **LUMBER.**—White Pine Boards range at 62c to 65c, Yellow Sap at 50c to 55c, and White Pine Boards at 55c to 60c. Sales of 1000 bbls of Lumber are reported at 10c to 11c for 3 by 4, and 9c to 10c for 2 by 4. A cargo sale of Laths is reported at 10c to 11c per M. **MOLASSES** continues firm with sales of 700 bbls Cuba part at 40c to 45c, on time, and part at a price kept private. Some 250 bbls New Orleans also sold, part by auction, from 38 to 40c, cash and on time. **PLASTER.**—There is not much doing, and further sales of soft are reported at 45c to 50c per ton. **RICE** is firm but quiet. Rangoon selling in a small way at 7c to 8c per cwt. **SEEDS** are very quiet. A few small sales of Clover are reported at 25c to 30c, and 1000 lbs of clover at 15c to 20c. Of Flaxseed the offerings and sales are also light at 35c to 40c per bush for rough and reclaimed seed, the latter is wanted for sowing. **SPIRITS** are made, and very inactive, and prices of Brandy and Gin altogether nominal. X. E. Rum is quiet at 60c. Whiskey is unchanged, and selling in a small way at 40c to 45c for Penna, and 40c to 45c for Inds, and 45c to 50c for cradles. **STARCH.**—The market is firm, with sales of about 1000 lbs, mostly Cuba, at 9c to 11c. **TOBACCO.**—There is rather more leaf arriving, but the demand continues limited and prices are unsettled. **WOOL.**—The market has been very inactive, at 30c to 35c for coarse and medium, and 35c to 40c for fine fleece, quiet.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street, Philadelphia, April 15, 1863.

State	Bank	Amount
Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi
California	1 dis.	New Brunswick
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Hampshire
Delaware	1 dis.	New Jersey
District of Columbia	1 dis.	New York City
Florida	1 dis.	New York City
Georgia	1 dis.	North Carolina
Illinois	1 dis.	North Carolina
Indiana	1 dis.	Ohio
Iowa	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Kansas	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Kentucky	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Louisiana	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Maine	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Michigan	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Minnesota	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Missouri	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Montana	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Nebraska	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Nevada	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
New Hampshire	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
New Jersey	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
New York City	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
North Carolina	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Ohio	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Pennsylvania	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Rhode Island	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
South Carolina	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Tennessee	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Vermont	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Virginia	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Washington	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
West Virginia	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Wisconsin	1 dis.	Pennsylvania
Wyoming	1 dis.	Pennsylvania

## DO YOU WANT LUMBER? OR OTHERS OR MISCELLANEOUS?

WILLIAMS & CO. will force them to grow heavily in the woods (upon the most fertile soil) without stain or injury to the skin. Price 1¢—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York City.

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Baltimore, on the 24th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Fuller, MORRIS WALSH, formerly of Burlington, N. J., to JOSEPHINE A., youngest daughter of J. F. Milnor, Esq., of the former city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. FRANCIS A. SUGRUE, of San Francisco, Cal., to Miss SALLIE A. FIDRIDGE, of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM W. S. DYER, to Miss MILLIE A. PARKER, both of this city.

On the 24th of Feb. by the Rev. Samuel Durbin, Mr. STEPHEN T. GARLAND, to Miss ALICE E. GROVE.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. G. F. Krotel, GEORGE S. HENRIK, to ANNE, daughter of Chas. D. Coland, both of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. JOHN STREET, Jr., to Miss CARRIE, youngest daughter of Jos. Lane, Esq., both of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. G. Arnold, Mr. ROBERT McCARDLAND, to Miss JASIE C. MYR, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st, 4th month, at Clarksville, Clinton County, Ohio, MARY McDOWD, wife of late John L. McDowd, in her 94th year.

Mrs. WILLIAM W. WILSON, in her 74th year, died on the 1st of March, 1863, at the place of her decease over 60 years ago, when the place was a complete wilderness.

Suddenly, on the 9th instant, in camp, near Palmyra, Va., JOHN RASSEL, of Co. I, 118th (Corn Exchange) reg., P. V., in his 34th year.

On the 10th instant, near Lyons, Del., Mrs. ELIZABETH BURTON, wife of late A. Albert Burton, and daughter of John Goodrich, of this city.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH HILDEBRAND, widow of Saml. Hildebrand.

On the 14th instant, MRS. D. E. KERN, of the 7th Pa. Vols. in her 40th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. SAMUEL JARDEN, in his 44th year.

On the 15th instant, FANNY S. HARPER, wife of Mr. S. Harper, in her 23d year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. MARY M. TOMLIN, in her 62d year.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE JEFFRIES, late co-sharper, in his 74th year.

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## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.  
50¢ Payment is required in advance.

## MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE, UNDER NIAGARA.

Painted from studies made on the "Maid of the Mist," now on exhibition at HAZARD'S Bookstore, 734 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission 25 cents. ap-11-3

## B. FRANK PALMER, SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEO, &amp;c., has removed to

## THE STONE EDIFICE, No. 1009 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, contains every possible comfort and facility for Surgical-Artistic operations. The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMB" (under the New Patent) in unexcelled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn (though few are expected), and a galaxy of gold and silver medals (30 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world, attests the public value of these inventions. All persons "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the New Rules for Amputations, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited. All former partnerships have expired by limitation.

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, 1009 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Information will, under ordinary circumstances be given to any one applying for it, in answer to any or all of the following inquiries. If the application is by letter the answer will be sent by return of mail. If in person, it will be answered at once.

1. Is (giving the name and regiment) of present in the Hospital of —?

2. If so, what is his proper address?

3. What is the name of the Surgeon or Chaplain of the Hospital?

4. If not in Hospital at present, has he recently been in Hospital?

5. If so, did he die in Hospital, and at what date?

6. If recently discharged from Hospital, was he discharged from service?

7. If not, what were his orders on leaving?

More specific information as to the condition of any patient in the Philadelphia Hospitals will be furnished within twenty-four hours after a request to do so is received at the office, No. 1307 Chestnut Street. The office of the Directory will be open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

The Commission receives no pecuniary aid whatever from Government, and is wholly dependent on the voluntary contributions of the public for the means of sustaining its operations. Contributions to its treasury are solicited, and will be thankfully received by CALER COPE, Esq., Treasurer, N. E. corner of MINOR and SIXTH Streets, Philadelphia. ap-11-3

## PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—Any person in the States of New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey can have a Photograph Album delivered at their nearest express station, free of freight, at the lowest city retail price. Send for descriptive circular and terms to T. ELLWOOD ZELL, wholesale Bookeller and Stationer, Nos. 17 and 19 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia. ap-2-4

## R. DOLLARD, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Premier Artist in HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSAMER-VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUT-FACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

The Wigs, Tresses, Tongues and Sculps, No. 1.—The round of the head.

No. 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.

No. 3.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 4.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 5.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 6.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 7.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 8.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

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No. 12.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 13.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 14.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 15.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

No. 16.—From forehead over the head to crown of the head.

## Wit and Humor.

## A FRIGHTENED CONTRABAND.

A letter received from an army correspondent on the Happonnack relates the following camp incident:

An evening incident occurred in camp a night or two since. A pretty young contraband, from Charleston, S. C., who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, and was for a while quartered subsequently in Washington, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers, as his body servant, and brought down here to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his able attendant being among the blindest ignorant as to the existence of the fact.

The captain had been "out to dine," and returned in excited spirits to his tent. Upon retiring, he called his darky servant to assist him in pulling off his riding-boots.

"Now, Jiminy, look sharp," said the captain. "I'm a little—Jiminy, 't'night. Look sharp, an'—pull steady."

"Ise allers keeful, cap'n," says Jiminy, drawing off one long wet boot, with considerable difficulty, and standing it aside.

"Now mind your eye—Jim! The other—lo—lo is a little tight," and black Jiminy chuckled and showed his shining ivory, as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as "tight" as he deemed his boots to be.

"Easy, now—that's it. Pull away!" continued the captain, good-naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he loosened the straps about his waist which held his cork leg up—now you're got it! Yip—there you are! Oh, lord, oh, lord! oh, lord!" screamed the captain, as contraband, cork-leg, riding-boot, and ligatures tumbled across the tent, in a heap, and the one-legged officer fell back on his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened, and a lieutenant entered.

"G'way fum—g'way fum fum—lemme be! Lemme be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled the contraband, hastily, and rushing to the door, really supposing that he had pulled his master's leg clean off. "Lemmy go! I didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!" And Jiminy put for the woods in his desperation, since which he hasn't been seen or heard from, though his captain has diligently sought for him far and near. Jiminy was a good servant, but we never before were treated to a sight of a thoroughly frightened contraband. There is little doubt the darky is running yet.—Boston Transcript.

## FOUND HIS CROWD.

A young man clad in homespun was standing in Court street, Boston, a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half dozen genteelly-dressed idlers with—

"Just come down!"

"Yes, guess I have. Great place, this, ain't it, you?" said the countryman.

"To be! How's your farm?" asked the city buck, bent on sport with the greeny.

"Well, she's pretty well. She sent me down on business."

"She did? What kind of business are you on?"

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston and look around and find half a dozen of the biggest fakes, to educate 'em, and I rather guess I've got my eyes on 'em now," said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance. The next moment he had the edgewise to himself, where he quietly finished his doughnut.

**PROOF OF VALOR.**—A good story is told of a certain officer who was accused of showing the white feather in an engagement with the rebels. The story got whispered around until it came back to the officer in the columns of a newspaper. Seizing the paper, in a high state of indignation, he rushed into the presence of his superior officer, and exclaimed: "Now, captain, didn't I wave my sword, and rave, and curse and swear, and do you suppose I would have waved my sword, and cursed and swore if I had been afraid?"

The captain had nothing to say against such conclusive evidence of valor as this.

**A LAWYER'S ADVICE.**—An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon his father's profession. "My son," said the counselor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son, talk round it, talk round it!"

**A SCOTCHMAN ASKED AN IRISHMAN** why were half farthings coined in England? The answer was "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations."

**WANTED AN OFFICE.**—The private secretary of the Governor of — is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly interested, walked into the executive chamber, and asked for the Governor.

"What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary.

"Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."

"Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure."

A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

**TRAVELLING IN ARKANSAS.**—"My dear Madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the roadside.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger," replied the woman.

"But a gentleman told me you had a barrel."

"Why, good gracious," replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children, when we are out of milk?"

## PERSIAN STORIES OF HUSBANDS.

A married man presented himself trembling and sorrowful at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of its faults and shortcomings while upon earth, that he believed in them devotedly, and had no hope of being admitted to the habitations of the blessed. One wife, he had been repeatedly informed, was a blessing far beyond his merits while in the flesh; how, then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy hours. But the prophet, when he presumed himself at the gates of heaven, to his great surprise, greeted him with a smile of ineffable compassion.

"Pass on, poor martyr," said Mahomet. "You have been indeed a great sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will not meet your wife here."

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently, and presented himself to the prophet upon the ground that he had been twice married.

"Nay," said the prophet, sagittly, "paradise is no place for fools."

A ruffling young fellow married the wealthy widow of a great Khan. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the ante-room, and sat luxuriously embedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be dotingly fond.

She appeared to be annoyed by her husband's entrance, and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes with a glance of cold disdain.

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation; "they offend my sight."

If his wife had looked at him with a glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now wore an expression of anger and contempt such as no words can express. She did not even deign to answer him, but she took the cat to her bosom and fondled it passionately.

Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lips.

"When any one offends me," continued her gallant, gayly, "I cut off his head. It is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure will only make me dearer to you." Then drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off his head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down, continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, says tradition, she became the best and most submissive wife in the world.

A henpecked fellow meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market place, began to console with him.

"Ah!" said the henpecked, with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife, and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were. I pity you from my very heart."

"Not so," replied the ruffler, joyfully; "keep your sights to cool yourself next summer."

He then related the events of his wedding night, with their satisfactory results.

The henpecked man listened attentively, and pondered long.

"I also have a sword," said he, "though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once."

He did so, and received a sound beating. His wife, moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what ghin, or evil spirit, had prompted him to commit the bloody deed.

"Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of the henpecked's secret, "you should have done it the first night."

**MORAL.** Advice is useless to fools.

"Why are nails designated by the terms *slipenny*, *eightpenny*, &c? In Sheffield, England, where immense quantities of nails are manufactured, they used to be sold in small quantities by the hundred; and the terms *fourpenny*, *slipenny*, &c, referred to such nails as were sold at fourpence, sixpence, &c per hundred nails. The length of the nails of that day was exactly the same with nails that are now known by those designations.

"But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son, talk round it, talk round it!"

**A SCOTCHMAN ASKED AN IRISHMAN** why were half farthings coined in England? The answer was "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations."

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## DRAMATIC.

**FIRST LAQUID SWELL.**—"Haw! They're going on still with acting that dandy fellow, Dunderbary!"

**SECOND DITTO.**—"Aw—Ya'm. It must be a-a-a-very hard work for a fellow to perform such a-a-cawacter every evening."

## THE PORTRAIT.

Her hair was a golden brown—  
The photograph makes it black;  
You may take the portrait out, if you will;  
You'll find a look at the back.

Her eyes were a living blue,  
And through their splendor rare,  
You could gaze right into her soul, and see  
The passions that sported there.

Why did we part? God knows!  
It may be that she and I  
Love still with as true and tender a love  
As we swore in the days gone by.

To see a mighty rift  
In a mountain, who would think  
It was rent in twain by a tiny rift  
That had trickled in at a chink

Needs but an angry thought,  
Or a light word, lightly spoken,  
And a mountain of love may be rent in twain,  
And the chain of life be broken.

You may solder it up, if you will,  
But the place will always show;  
It's better to do, as she and I—  
Far better to let it go.

## ADVICE ON SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate.

Never put salt into your soup before you have tasted it. We have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day when they might have escaped if they had been careful.

Don't put your feet upon the table. True, the members of Congress do so, but you are not a member of Congress.

If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for Heaven's sake, even although it be only "Fine evening, sir." Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask how he has been; tell him you know his friend so and so—anything that will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their debut before a new circle.

**THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.**  
According to M. Arago, astronomers and others have failed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the twinkling of the stars, on account of their failure to give an exact definition of the term "scintillation." He affirms then, that, in so far as naked eye observations of the heavens are concerned, scintillations, or twinkling, consist in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These variations are always accompanied by variations of color and secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alteration in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres. It has been remarked from a very early age that the phenomena of twinkling is accompanied by a change of color. It is asserted that the name of Barrachach, given by the Arabians to the star Sirius, signifies the star of a thousand colors. M. Arago also asserts that the planets twinkle.

## HOUSES IN CHINA.

In China, a man is not allowed to build a house above his legitimate rank in society. He may acquire a fortune by his own exertions, but, unless he holds some office, or is born to some rank, he has no liberty of architecture. Every matter relating to building is the subject of regulation by the police. The laws of the empire detail and enforce, with the greatest precision, the mode of constructing a residence for a prince of the first, second, or third rank, of a grandee, or of a mandarin. According to the ancient law, the number and height of the apartments, the length and height of a building, are all regulated with precision, from the plain citizen to the mandarin, and from the mandarin up to the emperor himself.

The editor who kissed his sweet heart, saying—"please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

## Useful Receipts.

**CLEANING OIL PAINTINGS.**—To remove dirt from old oil paintings, sponge with warm water, then cover with spirit of wine, renewed for ten minutes, and washing off with water, but without rubbing. Repeat the process until the whole is removed.

**BLACK BROTHS ON PLATE.**—Boil the articles in three parts of water with an ounce of calcined tartar; drain, dry by the fire, and polish with soft linen rags which have been boiled in the same liquid and afterwards dried; using purified whiting as the plate powder.

**TO STRENGTHEN WOOLLEN STOCKINGS.**—Mrs. C. D. Ketchum, of Jackson Co., Wis., sends the following hint to the *American Agriculturist*: "In knitting common woolen socks and stockings, knit cotton thread in with the woolen yarn; the size of the thread to be governed by the size of the yarn. For very coarse socks, skein cotton will answer, but even in such socks, very fine spool cotton will add greatly to their durability. In old stockings, I have found every stitch of the cotton perfect after the wool was entirely worn away. The thread prevents the pulling and breaking of the tender yarn."

**Query.**—As cotton thread is now so costly, would not linen thread answer an equally good purpose, and even be better at any time? The above plan may be old to others, as Mrs. K. suggests, but it is new to us, and appears to be a good one.—Ed.]

**MOTHER-O'-PEARL.**—To clean mother-o'-pearl, wash in whiting and water. Soap destroys the brilliancy.

**SEALING-WAX** may be taken out of table-covers by dissolving the spots with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel's-hair brush.

**DUTCH BUTTER** may be made by dissolving two ounces of isinglass in a pint of water, with the peel of a lemon; add a pint of white wine, the juice of five lemons, and the yolks of eight eggs well beaten; sweeten to taste. Make it quite hot, but do not let it boil. Strain, and put into moulds.

**A FINE CUSTARD PUDDING.**—Mix by degrees a pint of good milk with a large spoonful of flour, the yolks of five eggs, some orange-flower water, and a little pounded cinnamon. Butter a basin that will exactly hold it, pour the batter in, and tie a floured cloth over it; put in boiling water over the fire, and turn it about five minutes to prevent the egg going to one side. Half an hour will boil it.

**GERMAN MODE OF PRESERVING OR TRANSMITTING CUTTINGS OF PLANTS TO A DISTANCE.**—Cylindrically shaped strong glass bottles with wide mouths are used, into which the cuttings are thrown just as they are taken from the plant; from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of water is put in the bottle and the stopper hermetically sealed up. Cuttings kept in this way for a month have grown most freely, and instances have occurred where they have sent out roots during a journey from Edinburgh to Vienna, and being immediately potted on their arrival have grown freely.

**GEOGRAPHICAL TABLES TURNED.**—It has long been known that Russia makes one daily revolution about the Pole, but only recently established that the Pole purposes making one continual revolution about Russia.—Punch.

## Agricultural.

## TEN RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN MAKING BUTTER.

In making good butter there are several nice operations to be gone through with which require an eye to cleanliness, forethought and some little experience.

1. On milking clean, fast, yet gently, regularly twice a day, depends the success of the dairyman. Bad milkers should not be tolerated in a herd; better pay double the price for good ones.

2. Straining is quite simple, but it should be borne in mind that two pails about half full each will produce a greater amount of cream than the same milk if in but one pail; the reason of this is the greater surface.

3. Scalding is quite an important feature in the way of making butter in cool weather; the cream rises much quicker, milk keeps sweet much longer, the butter is of a better color, and churns in one-half the time.

4. Skimming should always be done before the milk becomes lapped; otherwise much of the cream turns into whey and is lost.

5. Churning, whether by hand or otherwise, should occupy forty or fifty minutes.

6. Washing in cold soft water is one of its preserving qualities, and should be continued until it shows no color of the milk by the use of the ladle; very hard water is highly charged with lime, and must in a measure impart to it alkaline properties.

7. Salting is necessarily done with the best kind of ground salt; the quantity varies according to the state it is taken from the churn; if soft, more; if hard, less; always taking the taste for the surest guide.

8. First working, after about twenty-four hours, is for the purpose of giving it greater compactness.

9. Second working takes place at the time of packing, and when the butter has dissolved the salt, that the brine may be worked out.

10. Packing is done with the hands or with a butter mull; and when butter is put into wooden vessels, they should be soaked two or three days in strong brine before using. After each packing cover the butter with a wet cloth and put a layer of salt upon it; in this way the salt can easily be removed at any time, by simply taking hold of the edges of the cloth.

Butter made in this way will keep any length of time required.—*Genesee Farmer.*

## GARDEN WALKS.

As many persons have at this time large heaps of coal ashes, they can dispose of them in no way to better advantage than by hauling them into their garden alleys. Remove from four to six inches of the dirt, and, having screened the ashes, or separated the core and cinders, first apply the coarse stuff, then oyster-shells, if you have any on hand, small stones, glass or pieces of bricks, and top-dress with the ashes. Roll it, and you will have one of the best walks ever seen in a garden. The ashes become very hard, and are never wet, winter or summer, if the weather gives the water the least chance to get away. In summer, in five minutes after a shower there will be scarcely enough moisture to dampen the soles of your shoes.

If there is not sufficient ashes for all the walks, commence with the principal ones, and in a couple of years the garden will be complete. Then, each spring after, give them a slight top-dressing of the ashes, which will about consume your annual stock.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

**WHAT SHRUBBERY SHALL I PLANT?**—Every one acquainted with the subject, has his preferences or rather fancy as to the flowering shrubs. But there is a group of them which, by universal consent, every one admires and desires to see upon his premises. They are as follows:—The several Spiræas, especially Reevesii and Prunifolia; Deutzia Gracilis, Forsythia Veridissima, Colutea Arborea, Winesap Apple, Periclythia, Magnolia Soulangiana, Gelia Rosea, Snow-Ball, Philadelphia Coronaria, Pyrus Japonica, Double-flowering Chi-Magnolia Japonica, Mist Tree, Weeping Cherry, Persian Lilac, Eucalyptus, Flowering Almond, Double-flowering Peach, &c.

There are numerous others which, when carefully cultivated, are very pretty and add much to the floricultural appearance of the premises.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

**GERMAN MODE OF PRESERVING OR TRANSMITTING CUTTINGS OF PLANTS TO A DISTANCE.**—Cylindrically shaped strong glass bottles with wide mouths are used, into which the cuttings are thrown just as they are taken from the plant; from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of water is put in the bottle and the stopper hermetically sealed up. Cuttings kept in this way for a month have grown most freely, and instances have occurred where they have sent out roots during a journey from Edinburgh to Vienna, and being immediately potted on their arrival have grown freely.

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## The Riddler.

## ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 44 letters.

My 9, 7, 5, 3, 21, is a surgical instrument.

My 24, 23, 20, 44, 3, 4, is a sea nymph.

My 41, 27, 20, 8, 19, is what every farm requires.

My 28, 13, 8, 15, 13, 12, 27, 6, 21, 18, is a book of explanations.

My 1, 2, 43, 22, 20, 39, is a musical instrument.

My 18, 30, 36, is an evergreen tree.

My 36, 10, 35, is a man of genius.

My 43, 10, 21, 1, 13, is a sign of the zodiac.

My 16, 24, 14, 31, 7, 17, 34, is a number.

My 8, 27, 3, 11, is a part of the flesh.

My 34, 30, 23, 18, 26, 27, 6, 17, is to accost.

My 30, 36, 10, 8, 23, 15, 44